JOHN BULL

Vol. I. No. 19. SATURDAY, OCT. 13th, 1906. ONE PENNY.

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The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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GROW YOUR HAIR

Overcome Baldness in one Month.

Conquer Scurf.

ALTER YOUR GREY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOUR.

HERE YOU OBSERVE two pictures illustrating hair growth, greatly magnified. At the left, **No. 1** is the stem, **No. 2** the root, **No. 3** the bulb and **No. 4** the scalp. The hair is well nourished and growing properly. Once in six to seven years, every hair in your head dries and falls out, having attained its full lease of life. From the root springs a new hair to take its place. This process of rejuvenation should continue throughout your life so that when you are seventy years of age, your hair should have been renewed ten or twelve times. **The hair root is a wonderfully vigorous organ.** It begins to grow hair before a child sees the light of day and continues to produce hair after the person is dead.

IF YOU WERE AN UNCIVILIZED INDIVIDUAL running about in the forests of Africa or South America, wearing no head covering and washing your hair according to native custom with rain water, you would never be troubled with baldness, scurf, or other hirsutal ailments. But, being a civilised being and compelled to adopt the customs of your fellow men, you have worn a stiff rimmed hat which has pressed against the blood arteries and prevented them from adequately nourishing the root. If you want to practically test what we mean, get a friend to press very strongly on your temple and the lower back of your head with his hands for a half hour and *you will become stupefied* because the blood doesn't circulate in your brain. **The hair root** becomes stupefied in the manner mentioned. See the second picture. A hair has previously fallen out, the root is alive, but it is partly dormant because it is not well fed. **The new hair has begun to grow**, but in the meantime the follicle has become clogged by decayed matter which has not been properly cleared from the scalp. Doubtless some cheap and nasty hairwash has helped fill the orifice. If you want to get an idea of the extent of decayed matter on your head, take a Turkish bath and see what a quantity you can scrape away with your finger. **The new hair**, which is already a weakling, cannot force its way through. And by this unfortunate condition you have acquired a **bald spot** which will continue to extend until you treat it in the correct way.

FREE TO YOU

Unprecedented offer to those who immediately apply.

THE ROOT DOESN'T DIE UNLESS IT IS POISONED OR BURNED out of existence. In very rare instances certain vegetable parasites attack and weaken the hair. The root remains dormant locked in its cell, like an orchid bulb in a sealed glass jar.

TWO METHODS ARE NEEDED to produce a new growth of hair. One is for reaching the root and awakening it into renewed activity, the other for opening the orifice and preparing the scalp. In a very short time, often in a few days the hirsutal system is transformed into a healthy organisation.

Do not fear, you need not abandon hats, but the rejuvenation will be facilitated if you can assist the Kados treatment by wearing light stiff or soft felt hats, or caps, rather than the usual heavy and rigid hats. Moreover, you can easily acquire a habit of removing your hat when riding in the train and on many other occasions. With very little assistance by yourself, and the aid the Kados treatment, you can overcome your baldness very quickly.

Ladies do not become bald because they do not wear hats like men, but they sometimes lose hair through illness and by the use of improper washes, too many hot iron applications, etc. There is a special and highly successful Kados treatment for women.

THE KADOS TREATMENT is not shrouded in mystery. Our prescriptions are open to the inspection of the medical fraternity; you can consult your own doctor if you like. We know that ours is the only correct system of permanently cleansing scurf and producing new growth of hair. By our method also, is **grey hair gradually replaced by new hair of natural colour.** Our success is marvellous but there is **no mystery in it.**

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WE HAVE DECIDED, for a short period, to send **absolutely free**, the **KADOS FORMULÆ.** Same will be sent post-paid, sealed on receipt of application by letter or postcard, or you may call at our offices. Bear in mind, the **Kados Formulæ** are for you without money and without price. The only real treatment and the pre-eminently successful one. If you have pride in possessing a growth of beautiful natural hair, and will invest a halfpenny in a postcard, you will afterwards admit that you found what you had so long and earnestly sought for.

Kindly prefix *Rev., Mr., Mrs., Miss or other title* to your name so that we may properly address our reply.

KADOS LABORATORY, 54 Duke Street, (*Dept.* 21a), Grosvenor Square, LONDON, W.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant;
Without Fear or Favour—Rancour or Rant.

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NOTICES, &c.

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TO ADVERTISERS.

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John Bull's Biscuits.

AWARD NO. 58.

For attracting a congregation of 3,000 by promising to preach in mediæval armour, appearing in ordinary clerical attire, admitting false pretences, and inviting malcontents to leave—after the collection,

THE REV. G. THORNE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 59.

For lending "a gentlemanly-looking man" all her jewellery for the purpose of "improving his luck as a race-horse owner,"

MISS ISABEL SEARLES (a barmaid)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 60.

For telling his readers that a hen has hatched a brood of chickens from cold-storage eggs, with fur coats on them,

THE EDITOR OF "SCIENCE SIFTINGS"
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 61.

For declining to punish a lad who was charged with obstructing the pavements, by selling JOHN BULL, *and saying that he considered the boy "a public benefactor,"*

MR. PLOWDEN
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 62.

For summoning a publican who had given refreshment to exhausted firemen,

POLICE-SUPERINTENDENT NICHOLLS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 63.

For deleting the racing intelligence from the newspapers in the public libraries, and coincidently providing several tables for "shove-halfpenny" in its new recreation rooms.

THE BOROUGH COUNCIL OF BATTERSEA
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

A propos of the recent Silly Season topic, whether the dead can communicate with the living, and *vice versâ*, the following advertisement from the *Daily Telegraph* rather suggests that the problem has been solved:—

> In Memoriam, September 26, 1903.—In deathless memory. My love—My love. Another year of darkened life has passed since, at the dawn of a new day, the veil was gently drawn between your world and mine—since the dim mists of suffering were exchanged for a radiant peace. The shadows are mine, and surely it is well. I could not dare to wish you here; I can only hope to reach you where you are, that you may know that, with the courage of love, I am waiting for that dear day when, beyond the smiling of the stars, we shall meet again.

We hesitate to intrude upon the sanctity of this message—about which there is much poetry and sweetness—but we suggest that the *Daily Telegraph* is hardly the organ through which it should have been sent. That paper *hasn't* the largest circulation—even in this world.

Mr. Richard Bell, M.P., is to be congratulated on the result of his stand-up fight with the Socialists at the conference of railway servants. By every kind of intrigue and pressure Mr. Keir Hardie and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald have endeavoured to force Mr. Bell into the Socialist camp or lose his position. The pinchbeck Jacobins and Cordeliers of our latter-day political life are determined to stick at nothing. In their dead-set against Mr. Bell we seem to hear the old mad cry, "Fraternité ou la mort!" We are all to become brother Socialists—or perish! Mr. Keir Hardie and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the only Incorruptibles, are to be the self-chosen leaders of the people, who, willy nilly, must follow them into a visionary millennium.

Mr. Bell has declined to bow his neck to the yoke. From the Socialists he will submit neither to bit, spur, nor bridle; for Trade Unionism was a labour movement years before Mr. Keir Hardie and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald were heard of. Yet we are told that if the Trade Unions do not allow themselves to be captured by Socialists, they will perish, and that the cause of labour will be lost. Mr. Bell declines to believe anything of the kind, and he emerges from the conference not only victorious, but even more trusted and more respected than ever by those on whose behalf he has spent the best energies of his years. England, or rather, Great Britain, is essentially a country of individualists. May it ever remain so. "John Bull" a Socialist! Pish!

Mr. Plowden drew attention at the West London Police Court recently, to the anomaly which surrounds our Divorce and Separation Laws. He had granted a woman an order for maintenance against her husband, who had deserted her and had committed adultery. Subsequently the woman herself had been guilty of misconduct, and he was obliged therefore to rescind the order. In other words, the husband, who had committed the same offence as his wife, was freed from contributing to her support, and the wife might, for all the Law cared, starve or go into the workhouse, or live a life of shame. Besides this, the husband could claim the custody of the children. These are the things which make us pause before ridiculing the suffragettes.

If you are a fruit-lover, gentle reader, the following from the *Evening News* and *Daily Mirror* of the same date will interest you:—

"*Evening News.*"

BLACKBERRY YEAR.

Hedgerows heavy with Ripening Fruit.

Are you fond of Rubus Fruticosus?

If you are, you should be off on your next half-holiday to the delightful lanes of *Kent, Surrey and Hertfordshire, for the Rubus Fruticosus*, which is the scientific name for our roadside friend the blackberry, *is having a fine year.*

In the matter of quantity he has come near his record, but, owing to the scorching heat of August, a large percentage of his berries have been prematurely dried up, so that the quality, from the Covent Garden point of view, has been slightly impaired.

"*Daily Mirror.*"

BLACKBERRY FAMINE EXPECTED.

Everybody knows the saying that "Many berries make a hard winter." In all probability there will be a blackberry famine this year.

Restaurant-keepers all over London are now clamouring for blackberries, but they are to be found on very few menus at the present time.

"Blackberries are scarcer," said a prominent Covent Garden dealer to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, "than they have been for the last twenty years. We have had very small supplies, and to-day the only blackberries in the market have come up from Devonshire. *The crop in Surrey, Sussex, and Kent* seems practically nil.

As we have said before, you pays your halfpenny and you takes your choice.

We shall soon be at the Education Bill again—all the old, worm-eaten, moth-eaten, musty "arguments" about everything except education, and everyone except the children. A correspondent suggests that the following simple declaration of faith should be subscribed to by the parents of all children attending public elementary schools:—

(a) I believe in the Holy Anglican Church, with its orders of Archbishops, Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, and I hereby acknowledge all its plenary powers, both as to this world and the next.

(b) I believe in the Holy Roman Church, with its orders of Popes, Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops, and Priests, and I hereby acknowledge its plenary and other powers, both in this world and the next.

(c) I believe in the True Apostolic Nonconformist Churches, without any orders for either this world or the next.

(d) I believe in all good people, whether circumcised or not.

(e) I entirely disbelieve in all other forms of religion as quite unnecessary.

To this broad and liberal creed I solemnly subscribe myself, and I desire my children to also subscribe it when they have fully understood and comprehended the same, under the teaching of the public schools.

All other religious teaching, anathema.

We await the sequel to the Gorleston shooting case. According to the newspapers (which appear to derive their reports from the Vicar himself) the revd. gentleman cried on the first of the supposed burglars to stand still and throw up his hands. "Instead, the astonished visitor took to flight among the gravestones. Here, so unfavourable was the ground for pursuit, he might easily have got away had not the Vicar fired his revolver. His aim was evidently a good one, for the man shrieked and fell." This assumption is said to be confirmed by the finding of bloodstains. Now, will any proceedings be taken against the Vicar, on his own confession, for this breach of the law? Not even a parson is permitted to fire at a man who is running away.

As was remarked of the *Church Times* in its earlier days, the *Labour Leader* is more amusing than any comic paper, to those who can read between the lines. In the current issue a descriptive report of the Trade Union Congress, after noting the presence of various I.L.P. propagandists, fatuously concludes: "Yet in the Congress the I.L.P. is never mentioned unless unavoidably. A curious tacit understanding seems to exist that it should not be referred to. The name of Mr. Keir Hardie also comes under the same mysterious law. Every delegate in Congress knows that above and beyond all that the Congress may say or do, the immense national propaganda work, the enthusiasm, and the Socialist spirit of the I.L.P. prevail and conquer; but inside the Congress the I.L.P. is, like the angels, never spoken of by name." Keir Hardie an angel—without a name! Here is a competition for the winter nights! At any rate, he has the gift of the Gab-riel.

If Sir T. Whittaker, Dr. Dawson Burns, and Mr. John Kempster were not staunch teetotallers, we might put down the strong language they have been using to one another as the effect of a little over-indulgence. They reproach each other for their reciprocal "profusion of invective." Dr. Dawson Burns "brow-beats" people. Sir T. Whittaker "produces ridiculous explanations." Mr. John Kempster compares the new system for liquor-selling to "thimble-rig or the three-card trick." We tremble to think what their language would be if they were *not* teetotalers!

Most of the references to Roosevelt's Spelling Reform partake more or less of serio-comic expressions of relief at what is generally supposed would be the resultant simplification of the written language. This belief, however, is far from well founded. No educated man would long be content to write, say, "beat" and "bet" in the same way, but would insist upon the adoption of a true phonetic alphabet, such as that invented by the late Sir Isaac Pitman, many years ago. Sir Isaac was at one time very sanguine that he would get this system

generally used, but, though many learned men were won over to it by its strict scientific accuracy, its cumbrousness and uncouth characters prevented its being received with general favour. The complete phonetic alphabet would have to provide for about forty vowels and diphthongs, to say nothing of extra consonants, such as "th," "sh," "zh," "ng," "mp," etc., and, on the other hand, discard "c," "q," and "x," and we should all have to go to school again to learn how to read and write, while the printer would require an entirely new outfit. There would, moreover, still be discussions as to the way to write words in regard to the pronunciation of which authorities differ. Then there is also the equally important matter of punctuation. To write such a sentence as the following, without a comma after "se," might easily give rise to misunderstanding:--A gentlman going to se his wif desird the prayrs of the congregashun.

Bishop Potter, recently in England, has been telling a Chicago audience that while in this country "he saw one of our Bishops riding into a town in a coach and four, with outriders, and that later he heard him preach with lavender kid gloves on." There, in a flash of light, you have the composite likeness of the English Episcopacy. And still the clergy ask, "Why don't people go to church?" The answer is clear. Because they prefer to sit in the seat of the scornful.

There are at the present time over 120,000 persons certified as insane, in this glorious country—*and over 60,000 of them are married!* And the goody-goodies say it is better that the 50,000 partners of these lunatics should lead lives of immorality—of hypocrisy, and of shame—rather than that they should be free, and freed, to marry again. This is the sort of cant JOHN BULL cannot tolerate.

In the case of a little girl who died from diphtheria, the Newark coroner dispensed with the viewing of the body, explaining that he broke the law in the interests of the public health. Jurists who take a sacrosanct view of the law would tell him that he has no right to break it for anything at all, but personally we are somewhat inclined to agree with Charles Macklin in "Love à la Mode," that it is "a sort of hocus-pocus science that smiles in yer face while it picks yer pocket, and the glorious uncertainty of it is of mair use to the professors than the justice of it." Viewing the body is, in nine cases out of ten, a barbarous, offensive, and useless practice anyway, and breaking the law in this case is at all events a guarantee of common sense.

Here is a rough forecast of the Government's Temperance Bill for next Session:—Complete Sunday closing, a literal reintroduction of the curfew, an impossible definition of a bonâ fide traveller, total prohibition of the sale of liquor in places of entertainment, and by grocers, confectioners, chemists, and municipalities; solicitation of orders for liquor illegal, clubs to be licensed as public houses, no places of refreshment to be open upon the day of any Parliamentary, municipal, parochial, or other election, the number of licenses first to be reduced to certain arbitrary proportions to population, and then local veto by a bare majority—the poll to be taken every five years; children under sixteen not to be served, on their own initiative. It almost looks as though some plausible, unscrupulous agents of the brewers have got amongst the teetotallers and are having a practical joke at the expense of their opponents.

Recently a man was charged with assaulting his wife by beating her about the head with a shovel, because she had not got up to prepare his breakfast before he went to Communion. Probably she acted from conscientious scruples, believing fasting until after the Communion to be obligatory. The other day an inmate of a casual ward broke all the windows because he was not allowed out in time to go to church. And now we learn that at the Church Congress a lady knocked off the hat of one of Mr. Kensit's young men for denouncing the Bishops of London and Birmingham as "the greatest of traitors." Muscular Christianity—"with a vengeance"!

Everybody sympathises with the Cadbury family, so justly honoured in Birmingham, in regard to the unfounded rumours set afloat to the effect that Mr. Alexander, of the Torrey-Alexander mission, had been previously married in America and had thus contracted a bigamous alliance with Miss Cadbury. But when Mr. Alexander, in repudiating the slanderous statement, declares that it is "men who serve the Lord" that "cannot get clear of people's tongues," it is impossible to forget how foully and shamelessly his colleague, Torrey, a man who professed to "serve the Lord," calumniated the memories of Paine and Ingersoll, thereby bringing upon himself a terrible and well-merited castigation at the hands of Mr. Foote and Mr. Stead. And, after all, if "serving the Lord" really means serving humanity, loving it, living and dying for it—what better servants has the Lord ever had than honest Tom Paine and Col. Ingersoll? Would there were more like them, in the Church, to-day!

An interesting difference of opinion has arisen between those eminent experts upon all questions pertaining to rational amusement and public morality, Mr. W. T. Stead and Mrs. Ormiston Chant. Mr. Stead found the programme of the Pavilion (the first music hall he ever visited) unsatisfactory throughout, except for the lady who exhibits her form and beauty under the title of "La Milo," and upon whom he has bestowed a valuable testimonial. On the other hand, Mrs. Ormiston Chant condemns "La Milo." So far, Mr. Stead seems to occupy the stronger position, because he actually saw the performance he criticises, while Mrs. Chant has never yet entered the Pavilion—just as she has never entered a public house, although posing as an authority upon the barmaid question. Oh, that these good people would but leave us alone!

We agree with Mr. Haldane that "if the reduction of armaments is to come, and if the crushing burden is to be lightened, the great nations must *co-operate* in accomplishing it." But, after all, this is a mere restatement of the obvious. "Il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte"—it is only the first step which costs—said Madame du Deffand; and it is precisely this first step which none of the nations seems willing to risk. This is but natural. The strongest nation can, of course, best afford it; but if the strongest is to reduce her armaments while other countries are increasing theirs, it is obvious that her strength will soon pass into weakness. A proportionate reduction all round on the existing basis of comparison would lighten the present crushing burden on the peoples, and would be a good start. But even this seems like the prophecy of some latter-day Joel, "Your old men shall dream dreams, and your young men shall see visions."

Another dead millionaire has fallen to the luck of Mr. Asquith, and he must really do something handsome for us in his next Budget. We let him off lightly last time, on the distinct understanding that he would justify himself next year, and with £1,400,000 to the good on his estimates in half a year, he should be well on the way to his opportunity.

We have to ask the indulgence of our readers again—this week on account of the large quantity of space given up to advertisers. Now that JOHN BULL has asserted its position as the most unique success in modern journalism, advertisers all round are applying for spaces, and we are arranging to increase our size to 36 pages.

IN THE CITY.

Waring and Gillow.—Financial Pressure Relieved.

We are glad to learn, upon good authority, that the financial pressure under which Waring and Gillow's have been labouring for a long time past has recently been relieved. Upon what terms the money has been obtained we are unable to say, and we can only express the hope that they will not involve any undue encroachment upon the interests or position of either the share or debenture holders. As to this point we shall await official information with interest.

We wish it, however, to be understood that we do not withdraw or modify a single observation we have made in criticising the form of accounts as submitted to the shareholders. We shall adopt a similar attitude, whenever we feel it necessary, towards any other balance-sheets to which our attention may be directed. Nor do we see any reason to alter our view that in order to place the Company upon a permanently sound foundation, some comprehensive scheme of financial reorganisation is desirable, and it would be our desire to assist rather than thwart such a step in every way in our power. We are satisfied that the foundations of the business are sound—but the superstructures have been run up too hurriedly.

The Treasure Hunt Swindle.

In our article of 8th ult., dealing with the Collis Diamond Syndicate, Ltd., we ventured to submit that

> As a blind-fool venture of more than ordinary audacity, the Collis Diamond Snydicate, Ltd., not only "takes the biscuit," but the contents of every factory that produces this particular form of pastry.

Within a month of our exposing the thing it has ignominously collapsed, and Mr. Kenyon-Collis, having disposed of the bulk of his and his friends' shares at big premiums, lays the blame for the failure on the shoulders of Dr. Jameson and the Cape Government.

Who are the persons really responsible for this impudent scheme? The history of it is a very simple one. A Captain Jones (since deceased) confided to a Mr. Griffiths a chart giving the location of some diamond mines on a guano island, one of a ment. Mr. Griffiths got in tow with a Mr. Kenyon-group of islands under the control of the Cape Government. Mr. Griffith got in tow with a Mr. Kenyon-Collis, and these worthies formed a syndicate, with a capital of £25,000, divided into 24,500 ordinary shares of £1, and 10,000 deferred shares of 1s. each. Messrs. Griffiths and Collis allotted to themselves 15,000 of the ordinary, and the whole of the deferred, shares for placing this chart in a sealed envelope in the bank, leaving the syndicate with but 9,500 ordinary shares for working capital. Before the "Xema" started for the island, Mr. Kenyon-Collis had disposed of 5,150 of his ordinary shares, and has no doubt sold many more since. The syndicate has planted every one of its 9,500 shares, and we daresay that Mr. Griffiths has not been slow to follow the example set him. At any rate, we can confidently assert that, at the present moment, Messrs. Griffiths and Kenyon-Collis are the only persons connected with the concern whom its collapse finds in considerable clover.

We have, of course, no sympathy whatever with the peers and the rest, from the Earl of Albemarle and the Lord Justice General of Scotland downwards, and the many military and naval officers, who relieved the promoters of the concern of their shares. In the "South Sea Bubble" days, Change Alley was thronged by "investors," who fought for the privilege of putting their money in "an undertaking which shall, in due time, be revealed." In this year of grace there appears to have been the same anxiety on the part of "investors" to be fleeced in an almost precisely similar manner.

The ostensible reason given for the collapse of the Collis Diamond Syndicate is the refusal on the part of the Cape Government to throw open one of its guano islands to Mr. Kenyon-Collis's expedition of prospectors. It would appear, therefore, as if the Cape authorities had more regard for their penguins than for Mr. Kenyon-Collis's gulls. And we certainly cannot blame them. The guano they gather and sell is at least tangible, whereas Mr. Kenyon-Collis's diamonds are most visionary. A penguin in hand is worth two diamond mines in the bush. Mr. Kenyon-Collis and his associates pretend to feel outraged at the conduct of the Cape authorities. In other words, Mr. Kenyon-Collis holds that he has only to enlist the co-operation of society people to be permitted to trespass on any island in any part of the world, on the assumption that a man (since dead) has correctly given the clue to treasure buried there. As this issue goes to press an indignation meeting is being held at the Charing Cross Hotel to protest against the steps taken by the Cape Government to preserve their property from the contemplated assaults thereon of Mr. Kenyon-Collis. Well, well, we live in strange times, and we can hardly believe that those who were foolish enough to relieve Mr. Kenyon-Collis of his worthless bits of paper in such a wild-cat scheme will have become sufficiently sane by now to appreciate the extremely foolish attitude they are asked to assume in getting Mr. Kenyon-Collis's hot chestnuts out of the fire. Litigation with the Cape Government has been talked of, and, as the Syndicate has expended its working capital, the shareholders will, no doubt, be called upon to find the necessary funds to provide the lawyers with fees, and stave off the ultimate winding-up of the concern. In the meantime, Mr. Kenyon-Collis has entered upon a new venture, called the Kenyon-Collis Promoting Syndicate, which, with a capital of £20,000, is to act as bankers, promoters, financiers, etc. *L'appetit vieut en mangeant.*

American "Publicity."

Disappointed with the Atchison dividend, the American market awaits details of the Great Northern ore deal which is to supply the Steel Trust with supplies of raw material for half a century. This has been on the cards for the past two years, and rumours of its completion have furnished the House of Morgan with the pretext for many a merry—and we doubt not profitable—gamble in Steel Common. These Wall Street schemes are infinitely more valuable to the financial groups in the negotiation stage than when actually completed—and we presume that is the reason why the preliminaries are always so prolonged. Here a new combine or a big deal usually bursts upon the market suddenly, those concerned keeping them secret until all is completed. In New York your railroad director is frankness itself to every newspaper correspondent that approaches him, only to unsay all he has said the following day. There is much that is amusing—and to the few profitable—in American "publicity."

The Nitrate Policy.

The "new nitrate trust" has been splendidly boomed in the Press. We imagined when the first preliminaries appeared that it was to be a real trust, with directors unfettered, to make such purchases as they might from time to time think desirable in the most profitable nitrate investments available. Now that the details appear, it proves a very poor affair, formed apparently exclusively to support one particular group of nitrate securities, all introduced to the market—those in which there are any dealings—without prospectus preliminaries. Of the Lowe group, the Barrenchea is just now securing good results, but the life of the property is not more than five or six years. The San Patricio was unheard of six months ago; the Zapiga was "introduced" during August; the shares of many of the others are exclusively held by a few individuals. The new trust will be an excellent means of unloading securities for which there is no public demand.

The London and Paris Exchange.

Pressure upon space prevents our dealing this week with any of the numerous letters we have received in reference to our article in last week's issue. We need scarcely add, however, that had such letters included a reply from the London and Paris Exchange itself, room would have been found for it.

All Risks Policy.

In reply to a statement that appeared on this page in our issue of September 29th, the managing director of the Premier Insurance Company, Limited, writes to us as follows:—

> In your issue of September 29, page 398, unde the head of "All Risks Policy," we notice that you quote at the rate of 21s. per cent. for such policies. We have for a considerable period issued such policies at 15s. per cent., and the risks covered include accident, loss, and robbery from the person, as well as fire, burglary, and theft.

NEW ISSUES.

THE BARRANCA MINES (MEXICO), LTD.—This company has been formed with a capital of £160,000, of which the public are now invited to take up £60,000, for the purpose of acquiring and working certain gold and silver mining properties, in the Sonora district of Mexico. There seems to have been a good deal of development work done, and if we are to accept Mr. K. Dunbar Anderson's report, the ore in sight is considerable and of very high grade. The vendors want £114,000, of which £34,000 is to be in cash. The board is not a very strong one, and the prospectus does not satisfy us that the property is as valuable as it suggests.

THE BURMA DEVELOPMENT SYNDICATE, LTD.—The Burma Development Syndicate, Ltd., has been formed with a capital of £65,000 for the purpose of working certain leases it has obtained in Lower Burma. On one of the properties leased there are said to be very valuable tin deposits, and another is said to be suitable for rubber growing. These statements are based upon a report of Mr. A. B. Snow (mining expert to the vendor syndicate). Referring to the tin property, Mr. Snow loses himself in his enthusiasm. He has found, he says, "what appears to be one of the most extraordinary combinations of lode and alluvial tin" ever found in the East Indies. Mr. Snow "could hardly believe" he "was not in a dream." There is much else to the same effect, the end of it being that, in Mr. Snow's opinion, there are large profits to be got from working this tin proposition. As to the other property, where the rubber seeds are to be planted, Mr. Snow is almost equally enthusiastic. "The climate," it seems, "and conditions for both tin mining and rubber planting are as near perfection as one could expect to find in nature." Well, one could not want more than that, but the prospectus would have been strengthened if there had been independent testimony to these marvels. The shares seem to us of a very speculative character.

INQUIRIES.

ESPERANZA.—HANDSWORTH (Birmingham).—Yes, we "really" think the poundage of these shares at about £3 per share "a good thing." The "Statist" of October 6 will give you very detailed reasons for this opinion, and if you are interested in the property, it would be worth your while to study our contemporary's figures. Our space does not allow us to reproduce them, but we may say, briefly, that the *Statist* arrives at the conclusion that the cash and estimated profit on the ore in sight indicate a value of £3 15s. per share in respect of the capital of £455,000.

ASSOCIATED PORTLAND CEMENT.—SHAREHOLDER (Brighton).—As a speculative purchase the shares, at their present quotations, more especially the £10 preferred, are attractive. German dumping is less to be feared, there is an expansion in the export trade, the building trade is beginning to look up again, and the greater demand for the use of Ferro-cement, and the many new ways in which Ferro concrete is being used, must be helpful.

INVESTMENT OF £100.—EVERTONIAN (Liverpool).—We should leave it in the Savings Bank for the present, but if the interest does not satisfy you, buy shares in some sound industrial company like Raphael Tuck. At their present price they would give you about £5 10s. for your £100, and the £100 is pretty certain to grow a little—that is to say, if you wanted to sell your shares a year or two hence, it is more probable than not that you would get more than £100 for them.

LONDON-SCOTTISH STOCK EXCHANGE.—B. T. (Swansea).—(1) The waste paper basket is the proper place for the circular you send us. (2) The Hearts of Oak Society is among the best. Deal with it in preference to the others you name.

KLERKSDORP PROPS.—TRAFALGAR (Liverpool).—Sell for what you can get.

BULUWAYO AND GENERAL EXPLORATION COMPANY.—O. S. (London).—We have small faith in the fresh capital bringing better results.

NIGEL DEEP.—BOURNE (Bournemouth).—We are afraid waiting will not help you much. The company is in debt to the tune of £118,689. The last return showed 3,292 tons smelted, which brought 46s. 10d. per ton, and cost 48s. 6d. to get. It is in debt (creditors and loans) £118689, and has a debit balance of £39,405. It looks like being taken over by the bondholders. You should take the 4s. 6d., if you can get it, and be thankful.

CANADA INSURANCE COMPANY.—INTERESTED (Bristol).—Yes, the company is "quite sound."

THE INTERNATIONAL STOCK EXCHANGE.—W. O. (Salop).—We have received the papers, which will have consideration.

BRISEIS TIN.—E. S. H.—We take the ore reserves actually exposed as compared with the enormous capital. On this basis, even with tin at its present price, the shares are fully valued at 13s. While tin is rising Briseis may go better, but will it continue to rise? You can now get out at a small profit, and should take it.

SALISBURY DISTRICTS.—RHODESIA.—A nominal market at about 6s. Already reconstructed, there are no prospects of success. Sell while you can.

ANGLO-FRENCH EXPLORATION.—F. B. (Nottingham).—The dividend is "due" in January; whether one will be paid is another matter. Of late the affairs of the company have not been prosperous, and the only source of profits is from market operations. There has not been much chance of that for a company with all its reserves locked up in Kaffir shares during the last twelve months.

AMERICAN DE FOREST WIRELESS TELEGRAPH COMPANY.—T. W. H. (Cole Green).—We should prefer another selection.

MILLWALL DOCK COMPANY.—A. G. (Wimborne).—We see little likelihood of early improvement.

TWO COMPANIES.—A. T. (Gillingham).—We should not increase the holding in either company. Keep the shares you have on the chance of things improving. We return papers.

LOAN UPON REVERSION.—T. H. W. (Annerley).—If you send us the particulars of your mother's age, and the character of the property, we may be able to assist you.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.—SKETCH (Newcastle).—There has been a heavy drop in dividends, and the outlook is not very cheering; but we are inclined to advise you to hold on a little longer, in the hope of improvement.

MINING SHARES.—FLORA (Finsbury Park Road).—We cannot advise you to buy mining shares. It would be much better to put your £200 into the shares of some sound industrial company which would give you a fair security and return of 5 to 6 per cent.

SAFE DEPOSIT.—A. M. (Goswell Road).—You say you have £150, "your life's savings," that £60 of it is in the Post Office Savings' Bank, and you want to know whether it would be safe to put the remaining £90 there, or if it would be better to put it into the National Penny Bank. We should put the lot into the Post Office Savings' Bank. You will find it there safe enough when you, or your widow, want it.

BLOCK LIGHT.—VIATOR (St. James's).—We cannot recommend the investment. See our issue of August 25th last.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—MUDIA (Bermuda).—(1) The "Bank" has been established many years, and is, we understand, financially sound. (2) We cannot advise you to have dealings with the company you name. (3) You have made an excellent selection of ten shares, and we should find it difficult to better it, with one exception, which is No. 3.

SOUND BANK.—H. R. S. (Botley).—You may take it from us that if you leave monies with the National Provincial Bank of England, the London and County Bank, or the Capital and Counties Bank, there will be no occasion for you to rest uneasy at night.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—W. C. C. (Cambridge).—We have been in communication with the Association with respect to your complaint of improper deduction for income-tax. Their statement of the circumstances is too lengthy to reproduce here, but we may say that we are satisfied that you have no claim against them. If, however, you still think differently, we suggest referring the matter to your solicitor, who will probably advise you as we have done.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—HOWARD ROAD (Southampton).—(1) We can only advise you as we have advised others, that while we do not recommend going to this company for a life insurance policy, or going to any American company for one, yet, since you are in it, we see no sufficient reason for you to sacrifice the premiums you have paid. The company is still sound financially. (2) Of course, the guarantee to which you refer would be an additional security, but in our opinion it is unnecessary.

CLAIM BY OUTSIDE BROKERS.—W. O.—If these people carry out their threat and issue a writ against you for the amount they claim, you should put the matter into the hands of a solicitor.

SOUND INDUSTRIAL.—A. B. C. (Barnsley).—(1) It is not easy to name "a good Industrial paying about 7 per cent., and likely to go better," but the Ordinary shares of Weldon's would give you 6½ per cent., and Appolinaris would give you over 7½ per cent. (2) Our opinion of the London and Paris Exchange, from the customers' point of view, is very fully explained in last week's issue of "JOHN BULL," to which we refer you.

TWO MINING COMPANIES.—INDIAN (Glasgow).—The Mysore Company is still a highly prosperous concern, but we cannot recommend you to buy the shares of the other company you name, which was a rapidly declining property. Indeed, in your position, you would be far wiser if you kept your £100 in a savings' bank, or the shares of some sound industrial company give you a return of over 5½ per cent.

UNITED KINGDOM TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—(1) Yes, the Society "is all right." It is, indeed, in the first rank. (2) The other insurance company to which you refer is not a strong one.

INTERNATIONAL SECURITY SYNDICATE.—L. H. (Lewisham).—Our advice to you is to have nothing to do with the syndicate.

BANK SHARES.—M. H. (Fulham).—You give a list of gilt-edged stocks, and if you are satisfied with the return, there is no possible reason why you should not purchase any one or all of them.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—E. J. M. (South Kensington).—We cannot do better than refer you to our answer to

We are in sympathy with the objects of the committee, and think that as a policy-holder you should support it. We return your papers.

HANSON'S BREWERY.—F. N. L. (Nottingham).—If you do not want the money, we should advise you to keep the shares.

INTERNATIONAL SECURITY SYNDICATE.—J. C. B. (Birmingham).—We advise you to have nothing to do with these people and their monthly operations.

BUILDING SOCIETY.—INQUIRER Regent's Park).—One of the best of these societies is the Perpetual, of New Bridge Street, E.C.

GREAT FINGAL.—J. W. J. (Birmingham).—The fall is due to the decision of the directors to adopt the manager's suggestion of decreased output. The calculations published in this column did not take into account any ore reserves below the twelfth level, and it was on the basis of those recently opened up developments that the opinion was expressed that value would develop at depth; but the only infallible experts are the pick and shovel.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—J. J. W. (East Dulwich Grove).—If you are not already a member of this company we advise you not to become one. There are plenty of good English offices without going to America.

BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—F. (Newport).—We have no doubt they will treat you fairly if you decide to take advantage of their house purchase scheme. Whether you should or not can only be answered by yourself.

PHILLIPINE PLANTATION COMPANY.—W. T. M. (Lewes).—(1) We should prefer another selection, and the shares of the Brazilian Rubber Company you mention are very speculative. (2) Mr. Carnegie's address is Skibo Castle, N.B.

TRANSVAAL MINING COMPANY.—CUCKOO (Nottingham).—If you can get a shilling a piece for the shares we advise you to take it.

THE LONDON SCOTTISH STOCK AND SHARE EXCHANGE.—W. L. A. Salisbury).—Have nothing to do with these people and their "novel and safe method for dealing in stocks and shares."

DEALINGS WITH MONEY LENDER.—FENERATOR (Hornsey).—You should insist upon the return of the promissory note if you have discharged the obligation it represents.

PROVINCIAL HOMES INVESTMENT COMPANY.—F. R. (Wolverhampton).—We think not.

CONTINENTAL MUNICIPAL BONDS.— —— (London).—We are much obliged for your letter with its enclosure. We shall take advantage of it upon occasion.

GENERAL ACCIDENT ASSURANCE CORPORATION, LTD.—L. W. R. (Sheffield).—(1) It is a company with a rapidly increasing business, and we know no sufficient reason why you should not insure with it. (2) The other company to which you refer may be relied upon to fulfil its engagements.

STONE HILL ESTATE.—E. T. S. (Regent Street).—Mr. Allen is a genuine land dealer in a small way, and assuming the land to be free of tithe, the land tax, and building restrictions, and with free deeds, you could not hurt much in buying at the price named; but you should find out how long the title is that you will get, since, if very short, you might have a difficulty in selling. You must insist, too, on having a full abstract. There should be nothing to pay beyond the purchase-money, but this must be clear on your agreement. As to road charges, if you are on the main road you will have none; but if the road is a private one you may be called upon by the authorities to pay for making it up, and that may cost you anything between 10s. and £1 per foot of frontage. Personally, we do not advise the purchase of these tiny plots. You must remember that if there are no restrictions to you there are none to others, so anyone who has £10 can be your neighbour. He must be close, and may be unpleasant.

TWO INSURANCE COMPANIES.—A. P. L. (Abergele).—(1) The Scottish Union and National is a very old-established concern going back to 1824, and the amount of its funds at the beginning of the year was £4,323,889. (2) The Hearts of Oak was established in 1903, and has still its way to make.

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JOHN BULL IN THE COURTS.

[We only undertake to answer short legal questions in this column. In all cases where complicated questions, involving the consideration of documents, are put to us a fee of 5s. must accompany the inquiry.]

The Cecil Libel Case.

We have received the following letter from a correspondent :—

"I have been reading a full report of the Cecil libel "case, and have been very much struck by the apparent "want of fairness and consideration that seems to have "been meted out to a prisoner conducting her own case. "Although her most important witness (a Mrs. Beer) "was subpœnaed to appear, she did not answer to her "name in court; and the Common Sergeant, when "appealed to by the prisoner as to whether anything "could be done, gave a reply in the negative.

"I know nothing whatever of the ins and outs of the "case except what has come out in Court, but it does "seem to me that if a subpœnaed witness (in this case "the most important witness, whose Yes or No would "have practically decided the case) does not appear, the "case should surely be adjourned. But what do we see "in the Cecil libel case? It is concluded in one day, "and the prisoner receives a sentence of six months' "imprisonment. What now will be done with regard "to Mrs. Beer? Does she not come within the pale of "the law? I have always been under the impression "that imprisonment was the only alternative in a case "of this nature. Will Mrs. Beer, then, be imprisoned? "This remains to be seen.

"My knowledge of the law is a poor one, but if you "consider this case to have been conducted in an "inadequate manner, I trust you will see your way to "bringing up the subject in your valuable columns."

Of course, if Mrs. Beer's evidence was necessary to the defence, and Mrs. Beer was in England, and in her right mind, and had been duly subpœnaed to appear and give evidence, she committed contempt of court in disregarding the subpœna, and might be imprisoned for so doing. But it is quite possible that the judge had information which satisfied him that all the above-named conditions were not fulfilled. We do not know how that may be.

We have received another letter on the same subject, in which the writer asks :—

"Do you think that justice has been done in this "matter? If Mrs. Stanley is guilty of so horrible an "outrage of the worst possible defamation in the most "public manner of the character of a lady of the highest "position, why should she be sentenced to only six "months' imprisonment? Why does the Sergeant say "that the case 'approaches' closely to blackmail? Why, "one may ask, were the warrants against the ex-"chaplain never executed? Why was the Common "Sergeant so very anxious that the time of the Court "should not be wasted by Mrs. Stanley in referring to "certain points?"

In quoting from this letter, we must not be understood to insinuate that the sentence was not a just one. At the same time, it would be interesting to know why the warrant against the ex-chaplain was not executed.

LEGAL ANSWERS.

Anstey (Bexhill).—If you can substantiate negligence on the doctor's part, you can recover damages. Actions of this nature are costly.

Hudson (Leeds).—Some licensing magistrates object to a widow continuing the business; others do not, and there are cases where the objection falls very harshly.

A. M. (Bridlington).—The title seems to be a doubtful one. No doubt it is well known locally. We advise you to take the opinion of a local solicitor who has had the same title to deal with before.

Byre (Hull).—The bill of sale is valid; the formalities as to execution, disclosure of consideration, and registration, have been duly complied with.

Talbot (Wimbledon).—It seems on the facts you state, a mere promise, and no consideration to support it. Hard luck for you.

Abrams (Ongar).—It is clearly trespass, and if the threats are continued, apply to the Court for an injunction.

Ritson (Sheffield).—You had better return the mail cart, and County Court him for the carriage paid twice over. If you retain it, you will have to pay the full price less the overpaid carriage.

Many answers stand over.

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LOSS OF HAIR.
IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES.

It is well-known among scientists who study the hair that there are several distinct causes of falling out of hair and subsequent baldness. One cause is the existence of bacilli in the follicles; another is lack of nutrition by the glands, another is scurf, another is nervous disturbance, yet another is climate or atmosphere, and so on. Moreover, each form of hair trouble, and in every degree of progression, needs a different treatment.

The only proper way to treat a case is to diagnose it, and prescribe the necessary preparation. In some cases a wash costing a shilling is more effective than five guineas worth of ordinary lotions, and often a case of baldness of many years standing can be overcome by an inexpensive prescription, when large sums have been previously expended in vain. If any reader of this paragraph will send us his or her name and address on a postcard, we will forward a book containing the Kadoe prescriptions, gratis and post free.

Address, Kadoe Laboratory, D106, No. 54, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.

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THE POSITION OF THE POST OFFICE SAVINGS BANK.

IV.—DISTURBING FACTS.

By Jesse Quail.

[Mr. Quail continues his searching examination of the finances of the Post Office Savings Bank, commenced in our issue for September 22nd.]

It is only natural under these circumstances that the City should be opposed to the extension of the Savings Bank system, and would like to see the facilities it offers to depositors curtailed. "The bitter cry" of the joint-stock banks, that it is poaching on their preserves, has been frequently heard in late years. But, having enabled the State to scale down the interest on the Funded Debt, depositors in the Savings Bank may well put in the plea that this important service was worth paying for, and that it would be unfair to use their money as a means of reducing the interest against them. Such a method of requiting a service would, in ordinary life, even in business, be regarded as shabby or mean. The depositors may, at least, justly claim the same rate of interest as that to which their money has enabled the Government to reduce the rate on Consols. But, further, even the old Trustee Savings Banks, in the days when they cost the country more than the Post Office Savings Bank has done, were considered to have "paid for their keep," if the expression be permitted. Said Mr. Gladstone in 1861: "The money deposited with the Government by Trustee Savings Banks has enabled successive Administrations to effect an economy in the management of public money, *transcending ten times over* the charge the State has been put to." This statement is doubly true of the service rendered to the State in later days by the Post Office Savings Bank. Sir Stafford Northcote, in 1875, also pointed out that Chancellors of the Exchequer "had used these funds for the purpose of completing financial operations for the benefit of the country."

It must not be forgotten, too, that the Post Office Savings Bank has not always been carried on at a loss; this is, indeed, quite a new feature of its working. The last published balance-sheet (1903) bears a footnote, which seems to have been appended by way of excuse for the deficit therein shown, to this effect:—

> "In the twenty years from 1876 to 1895 inclusive, a total sum of £1,598,767 was paid into the Exchequer out of the funds of the Post Office Savings Bank, under Section 14 of the Act, 40 Vict., C. 13, being the excess of interest accrued from securities over the amount of interest paid and credited to depositors and the working expenses. In the four years from 1896 to 1899 there was a total deficiency of £34,123. In the two years 1900 and 1901 there was an excess of interest of £36,641."

It would thus appear that up to 1901 a profit of well over £1,600,000 was made out of the depositors in the Post Office Savings Bank, in addition to the invaluable service that their money conferred on the State in enabling it to reduce the interest on its Funded Debt.

Without reducing the Savings Bank rate of interest, careful management would enable the Department to make a profit even now. It is a question whether part of the loss does not arise from the method of book-keeping adopted, and whether items of expenditure are not being charged to the Savings Bank Department which ought to be debited to other accounts. This has been asserted, but it is difficult to prove, and the point need not be insisted upon. As regards the investment of the funds, there is no reason why they should be placed in Consols, rather than in Local Loans, East India, Transvaal, Irish Land, or other Government stock that yields 2¾ or 3 per cent. Were these selected, there would be a clear margin for the expenses of the Department between the interest paid and the interest received. A beginning has been made in this way by the investment of £1,292,969 in Local Loans stock paying 3 per cent., £5,385,539 in 2¾ per cent. Guaranteed Irish Land stock, and smaller amounts in Transvaal War stock, Egyptian Guaranteed Bonds, etc. Still more extraordinary, the Post Office Savings Bank hold £1,200,000 in Greek Guaranteed Bonds, yielding only 2½, but probably bought at a discount.

The range of investment might be further widened, until an average of at least 2¾ per cent. was obtained. It is not suggested that the Consols so recklessly bought at £110 should be sold at £87, in order to re-invest in a stock giving a better yield. But all new investments or re-investments should be made in 3 per cent. securities. At an average of 2¾ per cent. there should be a sufficient margin for working expenses. For the Post Office Savings Bank does not pay 2½ per cent. interest on the whole of its deposits. It allows no interest at all on deposits of under £1, which in the aggregate amount to a very large sum. Nor does it pay interest on sums of any amount for the months in which they are deposited and withdrawn—the broken month's interest also amounting in the aggregate to a substantial sum. The savings in these and other ways reduce the average rate to about £2 6s. 8d. per cent. The other 3s. 4d., or one-sixth, per cent., ought to suffice to cover costs of working. But it does not. The rate per cent. of the expenses of management was, in 1905, 6s. 11½d.; that is, rather over one-third of 1 per cent. It has been gradually reduced from 8s. 5½d. in 1895, and there is room for further retrenchment. The Act of 1904 dispensed the Savings Bank from the obligation to send acknowledgments per post for deposits of less than £1. The number of these is large, and the Postmaster-General attributes primarily to the abolition of such acknowledgements last year's reduction of expenses, amounting to £9,816. But there is much red tape still used at West Kensington, as there was at Queen Victoria Street, and a good deal of wasteful routine might be curtailed with advantage. At present interest and expenses together cost the Department under £2 14s. per cent., and upon nearly a third of its total holdings of funded stock this leaves a small margin. Given more economical management, and the exercise of better judgment in new investments, so as to secure a higher average yield, and the "Poor Man's Bank" should again become entirely self-supporting, while continuing its 2½ per cent. rate of interest.

To restore the Post Office Savings Bank capital fund to solvency, Mr. Alfred Marks suggested a series of drastic changes, which would have the effect of entirely destroying its usefulness to the State and to depositors. His proposals were:—

(1) To write down the value of its securities on the basis of Consols at £85, and make up the deficiency by an issue of stock. This would depress Consols still further, and so might entail fresh loss.

(2) The formation of a gold reserve, equal to 5 per cent. of the deposits. There is much to be said for the creation of a gold reserve, to avoid the necessity of selling securities at a loss to pay out depositors. But 5 per cent. would amount to over seven millions, a larger sum to keep idle than the circumstances require.

(3) He would limit new deposits to at most £20 annually, with a maximum of £100, and

(4) Would reduce the interest allowed to 1 per cent., or, at most, 1¼ per cent.

(To be continued.)

AMONG THE THEATRES.

By Frank Harris.

[Mr. Frank Harris gives his impressions of one of Mr. G. B. Shaw's plays.]

"John Bull's Other Island." By George Bernard Shaw.

Bernard Shaw is rapidly becoming an English fetish. Ten years ago he was regarded by the mass of men as a Flibbertigibbet, an airy irresponsible creature with a topsy-turvy sense of humour, who dealt in paradoxes. Then came the first success of "Arms and the Man," and now that Mr. Arthur Balfour and other supposed great men go to his plays again and again he is in a fair way of being apotheosized; already incense is burned on his shrine in Sloane Square.

I saw "John Bull's Other Island" for the first time last night: the Court Theatre is a small one; but it was scarcely one-third full. Some of the audience, however, made up in reverence for the chill cast by the empty seats.

Mr. Shaws's Disciples.

I was in the first row, and there was a man just behind me of middle age, with an irregular, intelligent face, who leant forward as if he were afraid lest some of the pearls dropping from the actors' lips might be lost before they reached him, and he was not the most enthusiastic admirer. There was a slight spinster beside me with a knob of mud-coloured hair at the back of her head, apparently in order to balance her prominent teeth, who rocked with laughter at every hint of a jest, and cried whenever the disfrocked priest, Keegan, talked wishy-washy sentimentalism in his strong Scotch accent. This lady was pitiable. The play quickly reduced her to a condition bordering on nervous hysteria, and she laughed and sobbed alternately till she found herself in the pouring rain at half-past eleven o'clock.

Shaw is evidently the Messiah of the half-educated: when Keegan said that "the ordinary life about us was hell, and here, too, under our feet was heaven," the audience shouted their applause, apparently quite ignorant or heedless of the fact that the phrase belonged to Goethe.

The Play.

But what of the play? Is it a great work, or not? I have been compelled to say that I consider "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" a wretched piece of work, only rendered possible by the fine acting of Miss Ellen Terry: "You Never Can Tell" is a little playlet with a thin vein of humour and a pretty little love-episode. In each of these plays Mr. Shaw shows more intelligence than temperament: none of his characters live for a moment; they have lymph in their veins or perhaps ichor; but certainly not blood. But now, what about this "John Bull's Other Island" which was such a "revelation" to Mr. Arthur Balfour if we are to believe the puffing paragraphs in the press. First of all, it isn't a play at all; Mr. Bernard Shaw simply loathes the dramatic fiction: it is a piece of first-rate journalism, set forth, through various masks upon the stage. It hardly ever goes higher than first-rate journalism, and it goes very low indeed. The great comic element in the piece is the world-famous incident of the pig in the motor-car, which, as described by Barney Doran, holds the stage for ten minutes. This extra-long description of something that happens off the stage is a villainous fault in construction and the fault is worsened by the idiot laughter of Mr. Doran himself and most of his auditors on the stage, so the episode must be taken to have pleased Mr. Shaw as much as it appeared to please his admirers. There are half a dozen incidents in poor Charles Lever in the same farcical strain, infinitely more amusing. The only real humour in the play is to be found in the person of the English Liberal politician, Broadbent, which was superbly played by Mr. Louis Calvert: the common despotism of the ignorant village priest is fairly presented, too, in Father Dempsey, but without an illuminating word.

The Redeeming Features of the Play.

There is no love interest in the play, or it is so slight as scarcely to be worth taking into account. And nothing remains to redeem the play but the revolt of the English servant, Hodson, who declares that there is more injustice in the leasehold system in England than has ever been seen in Ireland, and the preachments of the unfrocked priest, Keegan, who in one speech reproduces, with much effect, Mr. Shaw's humanitarian feelings. In another speech, evidently intended to be affecting, for it is the end of his rôle, he talks about this, that and the other being three in one and one in three in the strain of a well-known hymn—brainless phrases helping to accentuate factitious sentiment.

Frankly, I don't care for "John Bull's Other Island," though when Mr. Keegan attacks English "efficiency" in the person of Mr. Broadbent I was infinitely amused. Bernard Shaw can play with the Lord Roseberys to perfection; they are within his grasp; and he pours well-merited contempt upon their ideas; but to put a mystic upon the stage is a little beyond Mr. Shaw, for "the three in one" fluff at the end was as wearisome to me as the mouthings of the village priest, just as superficial and just as unhealthy; still, even to attempt such a feat shows that Mr. Shaw is head and shoulders above dramatists like Mr. Pinero, Mr. Barrie, Mr. Sutro, and the rest.

The Actors.

The actors were all astonishingly good. Mr. Ben Webster had an ungrateful part as Larry Doyle, and he didn't play it any better than it deserved: Keegan was played by Mr. William Poel who has the fine ascetic face and narrow glittering eyes of the fanatic; but an Irishman who walked from Salamanca to Rome and from Rome to Jerusalem, and home to Ireland again bringing with him a very pronounced Scotch accent as the chief spoil of his travels, is a terrible bird. Get rid of that accent, Mr. Poel, or never more call yourself Irishman again. In the way of accent Mr. Wilfred Shine and Mr. James Hearn were both good; in fact, they played the low-comedy parts apportioned to them with that rich humour and perfect characterisation only to be found on the English stage. As Nora, the heroine of the piece, Miss Ellen O'Malley was superb: the part does not afford her many opportunities; but she used every hint given to her and yet kept within the picture and the decorum of nature—a quite excellent performance. Miss Agnes Thomas, too, was good as Aunt Judy. Hodson, the English servant, was admirably played by Mr. Edmund Gwenn; only one word of criticism; when he enters and finds Mr. Broadbent, his master, at a table reading the paper, he should certainly remove his hat; an extraordinary solecism, that, for an English servant to keep his hat on while his master sits uncovered.

Mr. Shaw a Thinker and not an Artist.

But we all owe Mr. Shaw thanks for having brought the future nearer, for having made it possible to put a play with some thought in it and some originality on the stage. As a play this "John Bull's Other Island" is, of course, half-baked, like all Mr. Shaw's plays, except "Candida," that I have seen. He has never troubled to get the artistic symbol for his thought, or rather, he has never troubled to get the complete or satisfying artistic symbol. His characters are like shadows on a glass, and the unreality of the whole thing is at times painful; but Mr. Shaw is a thinker, and sets one thinking, and thought is so rare a thing on the English stage or indeed on any stage that it deserves a welcome, a hearty welcome, and applause.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

By Frank Harris.

[Our brilliant literary and dramatic critic, Mr. Frank Harris, reviews several new books.]

I don't know what imp tempted me to read this "Invasion of 1910," by Mr. William le Queux (Nash). Perhaps it was the name; I have been tempted before by the strangeness of Mr. le Queux's name to read things that he has written, and always found bad writing and worse melodrama. But still, it seems the temptation exists and is sufficient. Perhaps in this case, however, I was tempted for another reason: I have a very keen recollection of the sensation caused by the "Battle of Dorking" more years ago than I care to count, and twenty years ago I remember meeting the author, and wondering how a commonplace man of no especial talent had managed so to stir up and excite his contemporaries. But whatever the motive that brought me to read this book, the result was deplorable. I waded through long detailed accounts of things that never happened and never could happen, of battles unlike any battle that has been fought since the beginning of the world, and of a siege such as no earthly witness has seen, from Thucydides to Carlyle.

England Invaded without Ships.

The author begins by supposing that our main fleets are away on manœuvres or something else, towards the Straits

of Gibraltar, and we have only got a small fleet in the Forth. The Germans come across; their fleet smashes the smaller English fleet, and a quarter of a million of their soldiers are thrown on our East coast. Where the vessels come from to ferry them across the sea Mr. le Queux alone knows; but that such a fleet of big steamers could not be collected in any German port without our Admiralty being informed of it is certain. Has it ever occurred to Mr. le Queux that more ships would be needed for this bit of transport work than the Germans possess, or say the Germans and French together? But, still, there the sauerkrauters are, landed in Norfolk and Essex—horse, foot and artillery, all complete and perfect, from buttons to gun-rags; not a sea-sick man or a foundered horse among 'em. Ho, ho, ho!

Conscription the Panacea.

With this for a beginning the end may be foreseen: we English are whipped again and again, the Germans advance steadily, and we execute strategic movements to the rear, till they take the Bank of England, which seems to have been the main object of their strategy from the beginning. (Oh, Mr. le Queux, Mr. le Queux, you will be the death of me!) And all this happens, of course, because we have not gone in for conscription, and have been deaf to the advice of the great military genius who issued proclamations to the Boers which made the world laugh. But virtue resides across the river in South London; in the lanes of Lambeth and on the heights of Clapham the English hold their own, and miraculously enough, our fleets return to their duty. What the dickens they have been doing all these weeks and months, again only Mr. le Queux knows, and nobody else. But they turn up at last, and sweep the German fleet from the sea, what time the Lambeth lads smite the Pickelhauben and sausage-eaters hip and thigh; Captain Kettle leads the English sharpshooters, and Arthur Conan Doyle, Viscount of the Gooseshaft, cheers on the stalwart English bowmen. After the Germans have been thoroughly thrashed, their fleet annihilated, their army taken prisoner, the Bank of England recaptured, and the Mansion House washed clean from the desecration of the last Gargantuan feast, the climax of stupidity is reached.

The English Politician as Traitor.

The English politicians, if you please, in spite of our victories by land and sea, give up Egypt to the War Lord, acquiesce, too, in his seizure of Holland and Belgium, and so forth and so on. Never have I seen such drivel printed. Whatever his faults may be, it has never been laid to the door of the English politician that he gives up countries he has once annexed. In 1802 we solemnly promised to give up Malta; but we preferred a dozen years more of fighting with Napoleon rather than keep our word. Twenty years ago, politicians on both sides promised to leave Egypt in the shortest possible time; but we are there still, and likely to remain there. A few years later Lord Salisbury declared that we had no desire to take the Rand gold mines, and did not wish an inch of Transvaal territory; but after the war we took it all, and we are going to keep it; for what small measure of responsible government the Liberals have given with one hand they have taken away with the other, by means of a Second Chamber, nominated in London, which is a curious way of giving responsible government to the people of the Transvaal. No, no; Mr. le Queux, tell us something that we can believe, something framed for the ordinary gullet; but not such a farrago of absurdities. The English politician, whether Liberal or Conservative, keeps all he can get.

"A Rogue's Tragedy."

Mr. Bernard Capes, the author of this book (Methuen) has chosen excellent titles for his books: "A Jay of Italy," "Loaves and fishes," are names which excite interest.

This "Rogue's Tragedy" is good romantic stuff; but the style is a little after the fashion of Maurice Hewlett's worst; it resembles the style of "Richard, Yea and Nay," so tortured that it becomes a painful grotesque. It costs labour to understand it, and when understood the meaning is not worth the trouble.

Fancy beginning a novel like "A Rogue's Tragedy" begins:—

"Matter is but the eternal dressing of the imagination; the world, the unconscious self-delusion of a Spirit. Everything springs from Love, and Love is the dreaming God.

"Two figments of that endless sweet obsession stood alone—high on a slope of Alp this time. Born of a dream to flesh, they thought they owed themselves to flesh—a sacred debt."

What shall I say of this, except that it is even harder to read than to write.

"THE FRAUD OF SOCIALISM."

Mr. Frank Harris Replies to Mr. Herbert Vivian.

When I first heard that Mr. Herbert Vivian intended to criticise my article on Socialism and attack my views, I was interested, and girded up my loins (metaphorically speaking) for the fray. For not long ago Mr. Herbert Vivian was a critic of books and life with whom one would willingly have crossed swords—so courteous-quick was he and good humoured, both in attack and defence. But lately he has gone into politics, and politics have evidently degraded him into a politician—a man, that is, who lives by representing himself alone and misrepresenting everybody else.

After a paragraph of introduction he proceeds to pink me in this way:—

> "I am sorry to find so brilliant and sane a writer as Mr. Frank Harris condescending to such paltry clap-trap as a tirade against Miss Krupp's trousseau."

Now, there is not in my article one word for or against Miss Krupp's trousseau, not one word. Where then is the "tirade" and where "the paltry clap-trap"? All in Mr. Herbert ivian's imagination. He has constructed his opponent out of his fancy, and the effigy is not lifelike enough to be interesting.

Five short years ago Mr. Vivian would have been above this: he would have tried, at least, to state faithfully what I said before attacking me; it would not have occurred to him, except perhaps in extremity, to put words in my mouth which I had not used. But the evil ways of Deptford seem to have corrupted his good morals: he is insulting on the strength of his own mendacious misrepresentation. The subject is a serious one, and I feel too much interest in it to concern myself with an opponent who stoops to such shifts.

Without arguing with him, however, one cannot help being amused with the sight of Mr. Vivian taking himself seriously as a politician. He admonishes me to "keep to literature and to leave politics to politicians." Such politicians, of course, as Mr. Herbert Vivian, who believes that "political philosophy" is "almost an exact science," and who puts on the prophet's robe to declare that "after the next Election there will be no Labour Party." Poor Mr. Vivian, the swingeing he got at Deptford at the hands of the Labour candidate seems to have turned his head

Mr. Mallock and Individualism.

There s, however, one man with whom I should like to cross swords in this quarrel, and that is Mr. W. H. Mallock. Mr. Mallock is without any kind of doubt the blest defender of Individualism and the established rder of things now living in England. I read a letter of his in the *Times* the other day, in which he spoke in terms of contempt of Socialists and of all those who defend Socialism. He appears to have no notion that Socialism is every day entering further and further into English life. At every successive wave he declares we shall be ruined, but a good many waves have come in during the last twenty years, and still Great Britain is far from ruin.

Come, then, Mr. Mallock, let us reason together. I believe that Socialism is coming more and more into life, and that our outrageous individualism is going to be limited in all sorts of ways. Furthermore, I am of opinion that the inequalities in the distribution of wealth are at present too great, and that further Communistic legislation is necessary in order to assure to those who labour a larger share of the products of industry, and lest Mr. Mallock should take this for a peculiar opinion of my own, let me remind him that Mr. Roosevelt, President of the United States, who is nothing if not an Individualist, has just declared in America that "the forces of greed should be checked so as to ensure a juster treatment of labour, and of the general public, and even of capital." I should like to hear what Mr. Mallock has got to say on the other side of this question: for Mr. Mallock is a serious antagonist, and one who has studied his own side of the question adequately, if he has always preferred to underrate rather than to understand his opponents.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

An Inquiry into its Record, its Strength, its Finances, and its Present Position.

I.—ITS NUMERICAL STRENGTH.

Time was, and that not very long ago, when the mention of the Salvation Army provoked a derisory smile. The crude doctrine of Hell Fire, preached with all the vehemence of fanaticism, repelled the intelligent; the bands, the drums, the shouting disgusted the fastidious; the free and easy allusions to the Deity horrified the reverent, and so "the Army" went on its way supported by enthusiasm, but tabooed by respectability. It is different nowadays, and it has become the fashion to speak well of "General" Booth. The King has received him and praised his work; the Queen is his patron; Prime Ministers and other leading men of Greater Britain appear upon his platforms; he has been the honoured guest of the President of the United States; the German Emperor welcomes him; and even Autocracy in the form of the Czar countenances him. Is this encouragement deserved? Is the Salvation Army what it professes to be? We prefer to leave our readers to answer these questions for themselves in the light of the facts we are about to submit for their consideration. We are animated by no ill-will to "the General," or his following. We credit him and his lieutenants with the best intentions. We have a profound admiration for many of the self-sacrificing men and women who upon a pittance that hardly keeps body and soul together, and often at the risk of health and life, do the spade work of the organisation. But we want our readers to know the truth, the truth that neither belittles achievement nor exaggerates service.

What was it that the Salvation Army, as created by Mr. Booth, set out to do? It was to reach and reclaim the residuum. This was its aim, as explained by its founder; it is with this object it is maintained. It is first and foremost a religious agency, working for the reclamation of the vilest. To other organisations it leaves the spiritual care of the rich, the well-to-do, the respectable. It goes where others have not ventured, to the lowest depths, taking the Word of God to places it would never reach but for the courage of the Army. Such is its claim. How has it succeeded in carrying out its mission?

The Army is now in its second generation. It was founded by Mr. Booth in 1865, and it has been under his absolute control ever since. It was not until 1879 that the name of Salvation Army was definitely formulated. Before then, and from 1865 onward, it was known as the Christian Mission. In forty years an organisation of the kind, if it lives and flourishes as the Salvation Army is supposed to have done, should win to itself a very large following. And, of course, the Salvation Army has grown, but its actual growth has little relation to the popular conception of it. For this growth has, in fact, been singularly slow, and its present numerical position is strangely weak. And yet numerical growth is the one test of progress which religious bodies generally are content to impose upon themselves.

Mr. Booth knows the value of the numerical test. Every provision of the Regulations is designed to increase the numerical strength of the Army; every test of its spiritual progress is based on numerical strength. But Mr. Booth, who is so loud and insistent in proclaiming the success of the Army, hides its numbers. As a matter of fact, one of the Regulations expressly prohibits the disclosure of the numerical strength of the Army "to anyone but persons officially concerned." Owing to this policy of secrecy, until a couple of years ago no one outside the inner circles of the Army knew its strength. There was nothing to go upon. It was mere surmise.

But now we have illuminating data. Mr. Booth is as reticent as ever. Thanks, however, to the religious census taken by the *Daily News* between November, 1902, and November, 1903, the final results of which were published in 1904, under the title of *The Religious Life of London*, we are able to arrive at a sufficiently accurate conclusion as to the strength of the Army in London and the country generally. It is a very startling conclusion. There are two convenient methods of estimating the Army's success in London: (1) That of comparing its strength with the strength of all religious denominations, and (2) That of comparing its strength with that of the missions of other sects which are intended to appeal to the same class as that to which the Army appeals. These tests the religious census renders possible. It gives the attendance of men, women, and children at the morning and evening services at every place of worship as far as they were discoverable in the metropolis, and so careful and thorough were the methods and the organization employed that it is unlikely that even the smallest and most obscure of meeting places was overlooked. The basis of the census is indoor attendances, not actual membership. In the case of the Salvation Army it is obvious that an estimate based on the assumption that every adult present at a corps service is a member, or soldier of the Army, is particularly favourable to the Army. What does the census show?

The total number of adults attending religious services of every kind in London was 556,200. Of these the number of Salvationists was 12,471, or 2.3 per cent. of the whole adult religious attendance. In East London the Army's strength was 3,064, or 3.4 per cent. of the adult strength of all the sects in the division, and this number includes the adults attending the Army's great Congress at Hackney, where abnormal means exist of attracting a congregation. If allowance is made for the 1,784 adults attending there, the Army's strength throughout East London would be only 1.5 per cent. of the total strength of all sects. Including the 1,784 adults at Congress Hall, the Army's strength in Hackney was 1,963, as against 2,038 of the missions conducted by the Church of England, and the Methodist, Baptist, Congregational, and Wesleyan bodies—missions intended to reach the same classes as the Salvation Army professes to reach. Taking the whole of East London, we have the following comparative figures:—

All Sects.		Missions.		Salvation Army.
88,912	...	8,959	...	3,064

Can this be called success, or anything but miserable failure, when it is remembered that for many years the Salvation Army had practically the whole field of East London in their hands for the reaping? If we take the whole of London the figures are as below:—

All Sects.		Missions.		Salvation Army.
550,200	...	39,901	...	12,741

Twelve thousand seven hundred and forty-one out of 556,200 church-going adults. And be it remembered that this remnant of 12,741 does not represent rescues of the residuum, of the people amongst whom the Army is supposed to labour. "Among those who join the Army in "England," says Mr. Charles Booth in *Life and Labour in London*, "many, if not most, have come to it from some "other religious body, and may even have been ardent "Christians previously." There is reason to believe that the adult strength of the Salvation Army over the whole of the United Kingdom is under 100,000, and that it is not increasing.

(To be continued.)

FOR JOHN BULL'S WOMEN-FOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

[*Mrs. Bull will be pleased to receive, from her women readers, suggestions and contributions for this page.*]

Foot-binding in China.

Old customs die hard, and the barbarous fashion followed in China of binding and compressing the feet of the people from infancy is going out very slowly. It is possible, however, that the next few years may bring great changes in this regard, for, it is said, the Dowager-Empress is very anxious to abolish the practice of foot-binding, and, in fact, long ago issued an edict practically forbidding parents to bind the feet of their daughters, but the Imperial wishes have not, it seems, been carried out to the letter, and in consequence—so runs rumour—stern measures are likely to be taken in future to put down the painful, unnatural custom of deforming Nature.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

It is not generally known that Mrs. Campbell, who is playing Greeba in "The Bondman" at Drury Lane, is a remarkably clever musician, her skill at the piano rising far above that of the average amateur. Mrs. Campbell soared to the heights of the "star" in a very short time. Migrating from an Amateur Dramatic Club at Norwood, it was not long before she was playing in "The Trumpet Call" at the Adelphi, and then came her triumph as Mrs. Tanqueray. It is not her fault that the part of Greeba is unsuited to her. It is outside the range of work suited to her striking personality and temperament—that is all; and one regrets that so clever an actress has not been provided with something more congenial to her talents.

French Fashions Revived.

Fashion just now exercises no hard and fast law in the position of waists. They may be high or low, round or pointed, narrow or wide. High corselet belts and narrow belts of ribbon or tinsel vie with one another in producing fashionable effects, and the Empire frock shares honours for evening wear with the long, pointed corsage, tight-fitting, and draped across the figure, or made in the simple, plain fashion of a Marie Antoinette Court bodice. In some new models hailing from Paris the point, in front, is inclined to be exaggerated, and suggests the old Elizabethan bodice, which is certainly very trying and unbecoming. Far prettier are the draped bodices without any strongly-marked point at the waist, and these may be seen in chiné silk and crêpe de chine. There is a distinct tendency to revive French fashions of the days of Napoleon and Louis Quinze, by which it will be gathered that fashions are "elastic," and one may practically dress as one pleases. The skirt worn with the tight, pointed bodice hangs full from the waist, and suggests a panel or petticoat effect in front.

Peeresses in their Own Rights.

Lady Mary Milbank, who, by the death of her father, the late Earl of Lovelace, succeeds to the Barony of Wentworth, comes from an interesting stock, being the great-granddaughter of Byron, from whom she inherits, besides her title, literary gifts of no mean order, for she is very clever at verse-writing. The new Lady Wentworth, one of whose Christian names, by the way, is Ada, after the poet's "Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart," is of attractive personality—fine, well-marked features, a bright expression, eloquent eyes, and strength of character indicated by the breadth of outline of her charmingly expressive face. She has pretty, fluffy hair, which she wears high in front, a few stray curls wandering upon her brow. Other Peeresses in their own right are Lady Cromartie, a niece of the Duke of Sutherland; Lady Beaumont, who was twelve years old in August; and little Lady Clifton, who is in her seventh year.

Reminiscences of Byron.

Lord Byron's marriage to Miss Milbanke turned out, as all the world knows, most unhappily. Even on his wedding day an incident happened that those in the hearing set down as a bad omen. When about to depart on the honeymoon journey from Seaham to Halnaby, Byron called to his bride, "Miss Milbanke, are you ready?" thus addressing her by the maiden name she had relinquished an hour before. His was a strange, cold wooing. Twice he proposed before being accepted, and in reference to the possibility of Miss Milbanke's eventually accepting him wrote, "That she won't love me is very probable, nor shall I love her." Afterwards, however, he seemed to fear a more tender regard, for in his journal he writes: "A letter from Bella. I shall be in love with her again if I don't take care." On the day of the arrival of the lady's final answer to his suit he was sitting at dinner when his gardener came in and presented him with his mother's wedding ring, which she had lost many years before. It had turned up while the gardener was digging the mould beneath her window. Almost at the same moment the letter from Miss Millbanke arrived. Byron exclaimed: "If it contains a consent I will be married with this very ring!" One thing that seemed to distress him very much was the necessity of being married in a blue coat. "They tell me," he wrote, "that I must not marry in a black coat, and I can't bear a blue one."

Miss Marion Terry's Frocks.

Miss Marion Terry is wearing some very pretty, simple frocks in "Peter's Mother," at Wyndham's Theatre, her first gown, of crêpe de chine, being in an exquisite shade of silver-grey, with braces of old lace. Afterwards she wears a soft, cream-coloured dress, made in a fashion that happily combines the artistic with the modern; and this is changed later on for a tea-gown of white chiffon, covered by a sleeveless coat of black-spotted net, let in with long lines of fine black lace, the fronts being lined with china silk, and the skirt bordered with flowers.

Some Interesting Antiques.

Without going into museums, one comes across some interesting antiques, or their imitation, just now during a stroll through the West End. In Regent Street may be seen a quaint reminiscence of the ancient Egyptian symbol, the Ankh—the oldest emblem of "Good Luck" and "Long Life" in the world. It is shaped like a cross with a looped head, and the modern jeweller has adapted it to use as pendants, wrist-charms, hat-pins, etc., making it in green stone and other things. Another interesting antique—this the genuine thing, no mere copy—is a corset worn in the Stuart period, one of those heavy, cumbersome affairs with monstrous hips and long, stiff bodices into which the figure was compressed. Catherine de Medici was responsible for introducing the boned corset into France, and Jeanne, wife of Charles V., is credited with having been the first to insert the busk into a pair of stays, this, the earliest busk, being encased in gold. "In the time of Louis XI., before stays were boned," says an old chronicle, "dress became so tight that it had to be stitched on the body." The ancient Greeks and Romans wore belts and shoulder-straps of various kinds, but nothing approaching a corset. Venus's belt is celebrated in poetry, and, according to mythological legend, Juno used to borrow it when she wanted to be specially fascinating. The four belts which the Grecian and Roman women wore were the Stéthadesmon, for the upper part of the figure only; the Strophion, which was of gold and precious stones, and served only for the waist; the Zona, for the lower part of the figure; and the Anamaskalis, a wide band for subduing the effect of over-stoutness above the waist.

The Vogue in Tartan.

The most novel of modern ceintures is the tartan leather belt, in light Victorian plaids, or greens and blues. It is rather stiff and shiny, and is merely a straight band, about four or five inches deep, without any curves or shaping. The tartan belt is also made in silk elastic, and is a very smart finish to a blouse and skirt costume of plain, quiet colouring. Tartan woollens and soft silks are in the vanguard of early winter fashions, and even tartan hosiery is among the new modes.

Fashions on the Stage.

A good idea of the new fashions in evening dress may be gathered from the stage of the Gaiety Theatre, where the pretty girls in "Aladdin" are toiletted in the very latest and loveliest satins and chiffons, made after the *dernier cri* of fashion. Especially fascinating is a frock of the richest maize-coloured satin, expressing the new vogue, admired in Paris, which declares in favour of an Empire back and long-waisted front. A gown of white diamanté tulle is dignified by touches of black ribbon-velvet on the corsage, and the princess evening dress finds vent in shot apricot silk with a deep hem of orange-coloured glacé, while the new tight, draped bodice is expressed in bronze-brown taffetas, and worn with a full skirt to match. Some gay and lovely promenade frocks and millinery are also displayed on enchanting figures.

JOHN BULL'S PICTURE POST-CARDS.

[John Bull *drops a few post-cards to some of his friends and acquaintances.*]

XXXVIII.

To the Lords of the Admiralty.

My Lords,—There are two or three matters in connection with the loss of the "Montagu" which on the meeting of Parliament I trust you will be invited to explain. After sixty-eight days of elaborate salvage preparations under your direction and control, preparations which are said to have cost £100,000, you suddenly gave orders that operations should be abandoned. They were abandoned accordingly. Since that time the Liverpool Salvage Association, a private concern, have salved five guns valued at £12,000 each, as well as the gun carriage in the forward barbette, and the Association have some hopes of saving other valuable armament and machinery. It is four months since the "Montagu" grounded. She is still on the rocks. She has not broken up. Does not this seem to show that if Captain Adair had not been superseded by the officers whom you appointed to salve her, he might have got her off? Who are the bunglers, my lords? and where are the bunglers, my lords? I referred to this matter many weeks ago, at the time of the Court Martial. Now, if you please, or whether you please or not, I should like an answer in the High Court of Parliament.

John Bull.

XXXIX.

To the Right Hon. Lloyd George, M.P.

Dear Mr. Lloyd George,—I have read your speech at Penrhyndendreath with interest, and offer you my congratulations on the courage and sympathy which inspired it. As you say, there are ten millions of people in this country lacking the bare necessaries of life, and this in a land so wealthy that it can afford to lend out of its spare riches thousands of millions to less endowed lands in other parts of the world.

What does the Government of which you are a member, and the party to which you belong, propose to do to rid the country of this pitiful, shameful tragedy? What is the tribute they propose to exact from wealth to make life better worth living for the poor? When, and how, do they propose to rise to their opportunity? I await the answer. I await it with impatience, but I await it hopefully. The country is tired of words, tired of promises, tired of prophecies, tired of revelations. It demands acts. It demands measures? Your party is in power. Let it prove itself equal to its opportunity, and strong in its mission—then it will earn my gratitude. At any rate, keep it up to the mark. With thanks,

John Bull.

XL.

To Sir Thomas Lipton.

My Dear Sir Tom,—You are back in America, mainly, I hope, in the interests of tea, provisions, and shareholders, but in part, apparently, to see whether you can arrange for any real sport in connection with that battered old piece of silverware known as the America Cup. News has come that the New York Yacht Club decline to consider a challenge for next year, and whether a race will be arranged or 1908 will, it is said, be decided when you return from Chicago, where the table delicacies come from.

I admire your pluck, and think as highly of your sportsmanship as of your advertising enterprise. But before you challenge again for the Cup, I should make sure that the Americans are anxious to give you an equal chance with themselves to win it, for if you have to build another freak yacht on the lines of previous "Shamrocks," you can no more expect to land that cup than you can expect to reach down the moon and sell it as tenpenny Stilton. Once get that cup over here, however, and you can make some suitable rules yourself to keep it for a thousand years, and thus give posterity a chance to see it in the national museum. Meanwhile, I hope the provision trade is good. Take care of the business, and the cup will take care of itself.

John Bull.

XLI.

To Mr. H. G. Wells.

Sir,—Truth may lie at the bottom of Wells, but it does not seem to emerge therefrom. Despite all your denials, you have declared for free love, or, at any rate, for temporary marriages. Well, Wells, if you thought so, why not say so, and defy the moralists? We should only respect you for the courage of your opinions, whereas now we fear you are one of the shilly-shallies.

We confess we cannot find time to read your books. Perhaps they are above us; more probably they are far below. Works of imagination we like, but your imagination always runs along an obvious groove. When you try to forecast the future you cannot forget the present, and you tinge your foolish future with caricatures of now. Try to listen and learn; and if you must write, write about the past.

John Bull.

RAILWAY COMPANIES AND THE PUBLIC

"Heads I Win."

"Heads I win, tails you lose," should be the motto of the authorities of the Great Eastern Railway, who on October 3 caused Mr. Thomas Francis, of Bruce Grove Road, Tottenham, to be taken into custody and charged with travelling "without having previously paid his fare, and with refusing to give his name and address." "The prisoner" (for that is how Mr. Francis was referred to in Court) arrived at Clapton from Liverpool Street at 1 a.m., and tendered the return half of a workman's ticket, but was told it was then Wednesday, and the ticket was available only up to the stroke of midnight Tuesday, and not a minute later. There was not the shade of a shadow of a suggestion of fraud, as Mr. Francis is a regular rider on the line, and produced his parcel of tickets for the week, which he had bought and paid for in advance, stating that as he had paid his fare he thought he was entitled to return even after midnight. As at the time of writing the case is *sub judice*—the "prisoner" being remanded for a week, *in order to give the* COMPANY *the opportunity to be legally represented*—we refrain from further comment; but we will give our readers an example of how the Great Eastern Railway behaves when "the boot is on the other leg."

"Tails You Lose."

Recently a reader of John Bull asked at Liverpool Street for a first-class return to London Fields at 1 minute past 12 (midnight), and was given a ticket dated the previous day. He called the booking clerk's attention to the fact. The clerk gave some impudent answer, but as the train was due to start at 2 minutes past 12, there was no time for argument. On the following (Saturday) morning the return half was presented at the barrier at Liverpool Street. The gentleman was stopped, was told the ticket was one day out of date, and the full first-class single fare demanded. The circumstances were explained, and the gentleman offered his name and address, and to avoid the inconvenience of being detained, as he had an important appointment to keep, he paid under protest, and left his card with the official, requesting that the circumstances should be explained to the proper authority and the money refunded. The money has never been refunded, and the matter was allowed to drop, but a leading article in *The Star* of October 4 has vividly recalled the incident to our correspondent's memory.

READERS (of any age, size, or sex) who want to know how to DEFEND themselves EFFICIENTLY against attacks by ruffians, burglars, etc., or how to DEVELOP the muscular system normally and symmetrically, or how to CURE chest or stomach complaints (indigestion, etc.), please send three penny stamps for book showing eight methods, and telling you all about the wonderful system of JU-JITSU—Japanese Physical Training and Self-Defence—to Professor VERNON SMITH (Instructor to London Volunteers), 203, High Holborn, W.C.

THE NEW BOSS AND THE OLD RAILWAY "BELL."

Keir Hardie (the new Station-master): YOU'D BETTER THROW THAT BELL ON THE SCRAP HEAP. IT DOESN'T RING QUITE THE RIGHT NOTE FOR MY FANCY!
[The Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants have placed themselves under the domination of the Keir Hardie group, and unless their member (Mr. Bell) signs the Labour Party Constitution he will be discarded at the next Election.]

THE INCOMPETENCE OF THE LIAR.

(A Plea for the establishment of a Chair of Mendacity.)

By John M. Newnham.

Mankind has long had a reputation for an unfortunate laxity in the matter of telling the truth. "All men are liars," said the Psalmist, and we can well believe that he was but voicing the general belief of his age, and not putting the dictum forward as an original discovery. The race must, therefore, have had centuries upon centuries of experience, and we might expect that men would have become by this time reasonably expert. The standard of efficiency, however, is still extremely low, those who are really capable being but few, while the rest of us, it must be confessed, are poor at the game and pitiably transparent.

On account of its results, the matter is serious, and requires urgent consideration. There are two questions which present themselves to us at once, and which, if properly answered, may help us materially in our search for a remedy. They are: Why should men tell lies at all? and why, again, if they must pervert the truth, should they do it so clumsily?

The former question is the more complex, for there are so many classes of liars. There are the deliberate and the boastful; there are others who are actuated by avarice, by ambition, or by malice. There are also those strange beings who can only be described as the habitual exaggerators. There are quite a number of this last type, people who never seem to be able to tell the exact truth. It is usually quite unintentional, due possibly to some kink in the chain, which we may perhaps be forgiven for calling a sort of *Mendaciomania*.

Many, then, are the sub-divisions. Ultimately, however, we are all liars, and find a place under one or the other heading. That man in general shall lie and deceive seems to be inevitable, and the practice is so nearly universal that we cannot go far wrong if we look upon it as entirely so, and do our best to discover an antidote. Not that we must do aught else but deprecate its prevalence; from a moral point of view it is without a doubt unworthy and lamentable, and truth, if obtainable, is infinitely to be preferred. True, the existing conditions have their compensations; prevaricators, besides being more or less amusing, have a double use. They keep us for ever sharp and on our guard, and they force upon us by their evil example the comparative advantages of truth. But we could do without them.

The second question, as to why we lie so carelessly, is easier of reply. We do not take the matter seriously enough. Few of us lie as a profession; with most of us it is but an occasional indulgence. This is a mistake; the thing should be done properly or not at all.

The matter must be faced boldly and with decision. One solution of the difficulty would be an academy of falsehood, where systems of prevarication and deceit might be elaborated and expounded for the common benefit. Such an institution would classify lies, showing how and when each kind might be used to advantage; it would differentiate between their use and abuse; it would teach us the best means of gauging our neighbour's receptivity; and, best of all, it would formulate some mnemonic system by means of which we could lie consistently and remember what we had already said. So it would save us—happy result!—from the liar's great disadvantage, the continual danger of self-contradiction. Then, added to this, it would teach us under what circumstances lies are most to be expected, and what form they would be most likely to assume; it would study also the methods of the natural liar, and teach us to know with certainty the type and his ways, and when to be most on our guard. Thus—and here would be its purpose—it would provide us with an excellent means of defence as well as of attack.

Yet, despite this, its manifest utility, it is doubtful whether such a scientific training would ever be tolerated. Nowhere does our conservatism come out more than in our morality. To do evil that good may come is not yet admitted into its canons, so that rather than recognise the great harm that haphazard mendacity brings upon us, and take steps to turn it into proper channels (where it would be more or less harmless), we prefer to allow it to spread itself at random, opposing it here and there, but making no combined effort to limit its operations.

There are some enemies, it should be remembered, who can only be fought on their own ground and with their own weapons. Such a system as here suggested takes up this attitude with regard to prevarication, and though it may perhaps seem at first immoral, its early effect would be to make lying absolutely ineffective.

At present there is no doubt that a fair ability in this direction is, from a worldly point of view, a useful accomplishment. No matter how in the cause of morality we may try to gloss over the fact, a lie is still, though indeed an abomination, "a very present help in the time of trouble." And while it offers such immediate relief from predicament, and such opportunities for worldly gain, so long shall we be unable to eradicate it by mere exhortation or example. It is only by bringing ourselves into line with the liar that we can be prepared for his wiles, and show ourselves able to meet guile with guile. Then, when we have taken away his advantages, he will lie no more. We shall have saved him by our self-sacrifice.

But will it, after all, be such a self-sacrifice? Our loss would not be great, either morally or in the opinion of our fellows. We do not shun the society of our amateur pugilists and fencers, or even of the more dangerous students of jiu-jitsu. And we could be no worse, none the less trustworthy, for a knowledge of the principles of deception and their proper application. As already stated, we have even now capabilities in this direction which, though unorganised, are anything but dormant, and even though we should choose to take advantage of our training, it would be our neighbour's fault if he had not studied the subject and were therefore deceived.

So that, considering the ultimate effect, the formation of such an academy as suggested, or of Chairs of Mendacity and Prevarication at some of our universities, is a scheme worthy of consideration. There would only be one great difficulty—the choice of professors; but an ingenious mind might suggest one or other of our more learned professions as containing among its members some who are gifted with undoubted talents in the required direction, a few of whom would perhaps be willing to devote themselves to a calling which might be held to be as noble and self-sacrificial as politics or national education or defence.

THE HEDGEHOG'S WAGER.

(From the Sanskrit.)

A hare and a hedgehog were once feeding in a large field. The hare, in its gambols, came near the hedgehog and jumped over it. The latter did not like this, and there was a quarrel, the hare boasting of its speed and agility, which ended in the hedgehog saying, "If you will make it worth my while, I will race you to the white gate at the other end of the field." The hare laughed scornfully, and replied, "Why, I could run ten miles whilst you are going one." "Never mind!" answered the hedgehog, "I will race you for a rupee, and we will each deposit our stakes with that goat in the field; only I make one condition, I do not want you to be jumping and skipping over me, so we will start from this gap, you shall run one side of the hedge and I will run the other."

The hare accepted the bet with much disdain. The two agreed to run the race on the morrow at noon.

On the word "Off!" the hare went away at a gallop, but seeing a nice bit of clover in the way it said to itself, "There is plenty of time, I will have a bite at this clover, and still win the money." Accordingly, it ate the clover and then raced to the gate.

When the hare arrived at the winning post, there was the hedgehog quietly seated at the goal.

The hare was astonished, and said to itself, "I did not think that I lost so much time over that clover." However, it said aloud to the hedgehog, "Well, you have won that, owing to my stopping for lunch, will you run the race again, double or quits?" "Yes," replied the hedgehog, "on the same conditions. Deposit the money with the goat, and we will start at noon to-morrow."

On the next day they ran the race again, but although the hare ran at top speed to the gate, there was the hedgehog seated at the winning post.

The hare was very much chagrined, but there was no help for it. The goat handed the money to the hedgehog, and the parties were about to go home, when the hare exclaimed, "I can't make it out. If you will tell me how you did it, I will give you five rupees."

"Very well," replied the hedgehog. "All our kind are exactly alike, male and female. I arranged with my wife to be at the gate, and I told her that when she saw you start in the race with a jump as you do, to sit down at the post! That is how I won."

"Oh!" cried out the hare, "that was not fair! I protest against this! There ought to be honour in betting!"

"There was no more rascality than there always is in wagering. I will call round with the five rupees this evening, and give them to you," the goat continued, addressing the hedgehog, and muttering to himself, "Smart little fellow that hedgehog! But the hare would have welshed him if I had not been near."

GRACE AND THE CRICKET.

The unveiling of "The Grace Monument" at Bristol, a few weeks ago has caused a certain revival of interest in the old West-country legend which the statue is intended to commemorate. So much nonsense has been written at various times on the subject of "Grace and the Cricket," that it may be as well to state once and for all exactly what is known concerning the origin of this curious fable. Grace, the hero of the legend, was a more or less mythical giant, who is supposed to have been born in the neighbourhood of Bristol towards the latter end of the nineteenth century. The safety of the city being threatened by an enormous and peculiarly ferocious cricket, which had made its lair in the adjoining woods, tradition relates that, accompanied only by his faithful bat, a species of gigantic hawk used in the pursuit of the cricket, Grace went out single-handed to face the monster. After a terrible combat, lasting for three days, the cricket was eventually slain, and Grace returned in triumph to his native town.

Most authorities are willing to admit that the story, in all probability, is founded upon some actual incident of the kind, and that the embellishments which have crept in are merely the inevitable results of two thousand years. It is well known that at this period Great Britain was particularly over run by wild animals. Such extinct monsters as crickets, horses, ichthyosauri, dragons, and grouse roamed freely over the country side. They were known as "game" or sometimes "big game"; and we have reason to suppose that the cricket was the largest and most dangerous of them all. This fact is plainly illustrated in the recently-discovered and almost indecipherable fragment of contemporary literature, headed "The D—y Mail," in which a certain Mr. Jessop speaks enthusiastically of the cricket as "the finest game in the world." From another source we learn that it was the custom for the younger and more reckless men to go out on Saturday afternoons in parties of twenty-two, and pursue cricket on the village greens. So great was the interest taken in this exciting sport, that in 1905, so rumour asserts, a fine Australian cricket was actually imported, and being set on by eleven chosen warriors, under the leadership of the Honourable Jack's son, was done to death in the neighbourhood of St. John's Wood. That the danger of such sports was very great, however, is clearly shown by the ancient bard, Rudyard Kipling, who made a fierce attack on the cricket in his verses, declaring that it was rapidly destroying the manhood of the country and should be put down.

It is when we turn to the personality of the hero that we are faced with the principal difficulty. There is reason to believe that the name of "Grace," or "Dr. Grace," by which he is more correctly called, is a purely imaginary one, derived from the ancient Romans. The latter, who invaded this country several thousand years ago, were probably still in occupation at the time that the story originated. We know, indeed, that in the early part of the 20th century there were still many traces of their unpopular dominion, such words as "romancing," which meant telling lies, and "rum 'un," which was merely a corruption of "Roman," and was applied to a gentleman of doubtful antecedents, being part of the common speech of our ancestors. Amongst the heathen gods of Rome, "the Three Graces" occupied a prominent position, so it is only natural to suppose that the hero of the legend probably assumed the name of one of these mythical beings. The title of "doctor" may be regarded purely as an honorary distinction—the medicine man at that time being looked upon as the most important member of the tribe, and credited with supernatural powers.

There are grounds for believing that, even in his own day, his story was not received with entire credence by the whole country, for in a letter by a contemporary warrior, named C. B. Fry, which is now in the British Museum, Grace is spoken of as having practically invented the cricket.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

CURES

And cures absolutely all digestive trouble, because it acts directly and at once on the organs affected—the stomach, liver, and bowels. It stimulates them to healthy action, and thus puts an end to indigestion in every form. Headache, wind, nausea, dizziness, pains after food, and the dull, weary feeling that takes the very life out of you, disappear by magic when Mother Seigel's Syrup is used.

BILIOUSNESS

"Food disagreed with me, and I always felt sick after it, while bitter fluid would rise in my throat and make me still more sick. I was much troubled with wind and headache, and sometimes the pain and drawn tightness across my chest would make me bend nearly double. Mother Seigel's Syrup cured me thoroughly. It also cured my wife, who used to suffer terribly from headache and dizziness; we both think it a splendid medicine."—From Mr. John Pert, Baker, Spital, near Windsor. July 18th, 1906.

THIS MAN AND HIS WIFE were BOTH CURED of HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, and other EFFECTS OF DYSPEPSIA.

CONSTIPATION

THIS LADY WAS CURED of LOSS OF APPETITE CONSTIPATION, WEARY FEELING, WIND, DIZZINESS, INDIGESTION.

"I had no appetite, and what I did eat caused me intense pain at my stomach, and wind. I suffered from headache, and a dull pain in my back. I could not sleep. Sometimes a dizzy feeling would come over me, and I was a martyr to constipation. I was so weary that I could hardly drag through the day. But when things were at their worst Mother Seigel's Syrup completely cured me."—From Mrs. Mary Hayes, 57, Glenavon Road, Romford Road, Stratford, London, E. July 19th, 1906.

AND ALL FORMS OF INDIGESTION

A TRIAL WILL CONVINCE YOU!

The 2/6 Bottle contains Three Times as much as the 1/1½ size.

MISSIONARIES.

By Jim Crow.

[*Our unconventional and eccentric contributor, Jim Crow, gives his views on missionaries.*]

Most people seem to be agreed that missionaries are mischievous, but many still continue to supply them with funds. Why do they do this? I recently inquired of a good soul, who is usually shrewd about worldly affairs. His reply was that Christ enjoined his disciples to "go and teach all nations" (St. Matthew xxviii. 19). Yes, but this was a personal command, delivered to them, and cannot justify the ignorant and often unscrupulous persons, who perambulate continents in the interest of tricky trades.

The Ideal Missionary.

The ideal missionary might be quite a useful member of society. He would state his case to black or red or yellow men in favour of Christianity, just as some of us peacefully persuade white men to be Free Traders or Individualists or Economists or friends of Proportional Representation. He would propagate kindliness and charity and morality. But he would rely upon his stock of arguments and, to avoid bloodshed, he would honour the diplomatic injunction of his divine Master: "When they persecute you in this city, flee ye into another."

Murderous M ssionaries.

Instead of that, many a modern missionary stirs up strife. When he is persecuted in one village, he invokes armies to devastate provinces, he becomes a camp-follower gathering loot, he fires the temples of creeds, which he is incapable of understanding, he witnesses methods of barbarism without reproving them, he marshals his gangs of renegades (ycleped, converts) to plunder palaces or sack shops. How different is his conduct from that of St. Paul, who, though he was a Roman citizen, did not apply to the Roman Government for a punitive expedition against Lystra after he was stoned there, but very prudently lay flat upon his face until the storm of projectiles had abated.

St. Paul's Example.

Read his speech on Mars' Hill (Acts xvii.), which has been held by zealots to justify missions. It is wonderfully pantheistic and amounts to little more than a desire that men should inquire into the truths of Christianity for themselves. He was not seeking to parade his own learning, to gratify his own vanity or to fill his own purse. I believe (but do not know) that Jesuit missions in Paraguay and elsewhere proved themselves kindly and civilising influences. But Puritan missions have always been characterised by intolerance and cruelty. Their Christmas message is usually one of "War on earth, ill-will amongst men."

The Trail of the Trader

Modern missions go hand in hand with trade. Indeed, sometimes the trader and the missionary are the self-same individual. In other cases, the missionary, travelling in unwelcome creeds, acts as the advance agent for dealers in unnecessary wares. Savages who have been quite cool and comfortable without garments are taught the decency of wearing clothes, which the traders will presently sell. Nature and indelicacy are synonymous, forsooth, because Manchester cottons are profitably exchanged for ivory and gold. And in the trail of the missionary come the diseases of civilisation, wherewith shall be exterminated those whom fire-water and cheap guns have spared.

The Cost of Missions.

It is now scarcely possible to enter a place of worship without hearing the rattle of the missionary-box and the glorification of missionary zeal. But before we assimilate the glib persuasion of preachers, let us remember three facts: (1) The labourer being worthy of his hire, at least sixpence out of every shilling subscribed will go to maintain fat clerks, secretaries, organizers, touts, delegates, scribes, pharisees and their families; (2) Intemperance, immorality and violence are indirectly propagated by many missions; (3) Gangs of missionaries recently led their pupils and neophytes to plunder private dwellings in China.

A Short Way with a Missionary.

My friend Menelik, King of the Kings of Ethiopia, once dealt wittily and wisely with a missionary who came with plans for the conversion of the Ethiopian Jews. The Negus made polite inquiries with regard to his visitor's itinerary. The intervening countries having been enumerated, the man was asked whether there were no Jews there. "Yes," was the reply. "Very well," said the morganatic descendant of King Solomon, "pray return and convert all the Jews in Europe. Then come to us, and we will give you a very hearty welcome."

An Outlet for Missionary Work.

This brings me to the very pertinent reflection that missionary enterprise, like charity, should begin at home. In every city and parish in the three Kingdoms there are heathens to be converted, poor people to be relieved, and errors to be dissipated. The harvest is plenteous, but the labourers are too few. Let all those who burn to make proselytes, forbear from compassing sea and land for the purpose of unsettling hereditary faiths. Let them try to do a little good at home instead of infinite harm abroad. So shall the continents breath freely once more.

AN INTERESTING GROUP.

In a recent paragraph, under the heading of "John Bull on the Stage," we mentioned a remark of the late Mr. Toole: "How well I remember when we three" (namely, himself, Mr. Phelps, and Mr. Mathews) "were photographed together in Regent Street in John Bull characters." By the

great courtesy of Messrs. Fradelle and Young, of 283, Regent Street, the eminent photographers, we are enabled to reproduce the photograph in question. It will, of course, be observed that in this photograph John Bull is in his "Sunday best."

HOW WE LIVE.

III—THE CATS-MEAT MAN.

BY A. C. MENZIES.

The blear-eyed man sat in the bar of the "Cat and Canary," quenching a torrential thirst. The friendly barmaid began to think he had had enough, and asked him, "Aren't you afraid someone will run away with the basket?"

"No, me dear," he merrily hiccoughed. My dorg Sedgar knows 'is dooty. 'E always lies by it till I comes out."

"I should have thought he would eat up the lot when your back was turned," remarked the girl.

"Ahr, 'e knows better. 'E wouldn't touch it wiv a tongs, that 'e wouldn't. 'E seems w'ere it comes from, and 'is insting is abaht right. Wotcher, Matey! I seems to know yer face. It's familler to me, if I may say so."

"Ain't it werry 'ot," went on "Ole Bill," as he was called "It's abaht bankruptin' my business, wot wiv the old maids boarding' hout the toms, or else takin' 'em wiv 'em, some of 'em. It's well as 've saved a bit."

"I don't see how you could save much on ha'penny skewers," said the other man.

"Ahr, it's little you know abaht walkin' abaht. W'y some of the ole gells diwides one skewer in three, and then goes Tommy Dodd to pay. There ain't no temptation to steal their toms; others again only 'aves one three times a week, an' grudges that. But there's money in the business."

"Still," he went on, "I'm game for mootooal confidence."

"Certainly," assented the stranger. "Perhaps you had better hear me first."

"No, matey, 'ere goes," said Ole Bill, who was visibly bursting to talk. "Well, it's like this 'ere, w'en I sees as 'ow a pore tom is being overfed an' spoiled by an ole geeser as oughter know better, an' 'as money, I'm on the job. Fer instance, only larst week I seed a good chance arter dark w'en I were 'angin' rahnd wiv a sack an' only 'ad to w'isper 'meemee' an' the tom 'opped into it hisself. Next day, w'en I leaves 'is skewer as usual, she comes wiv 'er 'andkerchief up to 'er eyes an' offers me a reward to find 'er pore lost darlin', as 'ill answer to the name of Minervy Mimoser. I sez, 'W'ere was 'e seen larst?' She sez, 'E's not a 'e, 'e's a she," she sez, "an' 'e was missin' abart bedtime at height-thirty.' I waits for a couple of days, just to make 'er more likely to shell aht all right, and then brings back the tabby wiv a pink ribbing rahnd its neck. 'Oh, w'ere, w'ere did you find the darlin'?" she screams, larfin' an' cryin' at once. I sez, 'It's a long, weary tale 'ow I've 'unted 'igh an' low, a-callin' Minervy till I couldn't 'oller heny more.' 'Come right in,' she sez, a-fondlin' the old beast, w'ich was the himage of 'erself, 'an' 'ave some cake an' wine. I thinks it's a soft snip, an' goes in, only to find as 'ow it's 'er own 'andiwork; seed cake as you could pave a road wiv, an' ginger wine wiv a water flavor. I let's on as I'm so glad to 'ave found Minervy as I can't touch the stuff. She bites all right, an' gives me a Jamesy. Strite! No kid! Then there's a widder wiv three daughters wot 'aves a cat they calls "Mrs. Crump," as is always 'avin kittens, w'ich they gives to me to put in comferable 'omes at a bob a time. If I knows heny one as wants one I does a deal, but if not I jest wrings their bloomin' necks an' chucks 'em into the river, w'ich is a werry good 'ome for 'em. W'en they asks questions abaht 'ow they gets on at their noo 'omes I tells 'em a yarn, you bet. Then I knows 'ow to give 'em special meat to upset their little insides, an' then I 'aves the job of dosin' them wiv cawstor ile, w'ich is a werry payin' game, too. I does it regler. There is one fluffy 'eaded little party as engages me once a week to physic 'ers, an' calls me pussy's doctor. She wants lockin' up, strite. She lays out an apron for me to put hon, a silver tablespoon, an' a big bottle of ile, an' leaves me an' the cat to ourselves, w'ile she goes an' 'ides in 'er bedroom. So, in case she's listenin', I sez kind lovin' words w'ile I grabs it by the throat, an' chucks all I can dahn before it's choked; then I gives it a kick for 'er, a kick for itself, an' a little one in for luck like. Then in a tremblin' voice she hollers from the bedroom, 'Is it over?' I hollers back, 'You can come, ma'am, all's well.' Then sez she, 'E're's yer shillin'. I don't know wot me an' Ferdinan' Hemmanuel would do wivout you,' an' she pours aht a stiff glass of grog to steady my nerves arter the hordeal, as she calls it. But talkin's dry work. 'Ere, Miss, same again wiv a good 'ead on. W'y, Mister, you 'aven't started your larst yet!"

"No," said the stranger. "I was listening, and forgot."

"Well, 'ere's to our better acquaintance. And 'oo may you be?"

"I think we will be very much better acquainted," he replied, "for I happen to be an inspector for the S.P.C.A."

JOHN BULL ON THE WILL-O'-THE WISP OF THE WOULD-BE-WELL.

"I was well, took medicine to feel better, and here I am."—[AN EPITAPH.]

The chemist's shop is the *ignis fatuus* of the health-seeker. Its red and green Jack-o'-lanterns lure the poor sufferer into all sorts of morasses and quagmires. Yet the object of all his struggles, all his flounderings, all his ambitions—health—recedes further and further at each attempt to reach it, simply because he is searching in the wrong place—where, in fact, health does not—could not—exist.

The strongest and healthiest man that ever lived could not long withstand the amount of poison so many sick people are swallowing daily to try to cure (?) their disease. And what would make ill or kill a healthy, strong man will never relieve or cure a weak, unhealthy one. Nature only can cure you at last, whatever medicine you take. The probabilities are that she will also have to cure the bad effects of the medicine you have swallowed at the same time.

Hundreds of thousands of people are to-day saturated with medicine, tens of thousands are dying of drugs, for the "cure" has killed—and is killing more than the diseases.

Take as an example the terribly prevalent use of purgatives for constipation. An ancient Hindoo treatise on medicine says that there are six causes of constipation, and one hundred purgatives for each kind. To-day the shelves of a well-stocked chemist's shop carry over 1,000 laxatives or combinations thereof. Now, if there is any ailment that is amenable to treatment without medicine or drugs of any kind it is this dangerous condition of constipation. It is in nearly every case due to a weakening of the abdominal muscles, and the use of cathartics only further weakens them, whilst destroying the delicate protective membrane of the stomach and intestines, creating indigestion, anæmia, and its train army of followers.

Danse du Ventre Scandal.

Some years ago a scandal was caused by the introduction into America of what was called the *danse du ventre*. It was really a dance of the abdominal muscles, and, whatever may be said of it from an æsthetic point of view, it was to the anatomist a truly marvellous revelation of how abdominal muscles could be educated.

Indigestion, another too prevalent illness, can never be cured by drugs, and the seeker after health by their aid is only precipitating a health catastrophe—is only slowly but surely further undermining his digestive powers. What the victim of indigestion really needs is to have the entire alimentary tract strengthened and invigorated, not further debilitated by medicines or reduction of diet. In an acute stage, it may sometimes be advisable to give the digestive machinery a complete rest, but a short course of the Sandow Home Treatment, as directed by correspondence, will so increase its working activity in every part that a healthy, natural relish for food will quickly be felt, and, what is more, no subsequent pains or penalties need be dreaded.

Tonics for the run-down nervous system are as plentiful and as inviting as the flowers that bloom in the spring. The sufferer tries one, and then another, and so on until he has acquired the drug habit—the habit of goading his depleted nerve-force into some semblance of activity on more and more frequent occasions. Then the recklessness of desperation, and the immediate responsiveness of the powerful drug stimulant, blindfolds the sufferer so that he does not appreciate the nearness of the precipice towards which he is blindly drifting on his headlong course.

Don't Beg Life's Blessings.

But—now, to-day, is the time to turn and seek safety. Wise, indeed, will be the action of the reader who decides to strike out boldly for the shore of safety before the current of ill-health gets him or her in its merciless power. The reader, drifting with the slower momentum of the earlier stages of indigestion, constipation, loss of vigour, nervous disorders, may easily reach the shore to-day—but may to-morrow drift into the irresistible mid-stream current from which only desperately uncertain measures of rescue can save him.

Send to-day for the book that has saved thousands from illness and pain, from unhappiness and despair, from drugs and dangerous operations. Wait until to-morrow and you will be one day nearer being incurable, one day nearer years, perhaps, of unhappiness and despair, and the shortening of your life—the valuable life that can be full of happiness, successful purpose, and honourable distinction.

The book is waiting your to-day's application. It is as free of any other expense as the air you breathe. It reveals the great fundamental truths of Nature—of Natural health, your birthright as a Human Nature child of Nature—of how to realise the joys of living—of how to live as an aristocrat of life instead of as a mere beggar of life's blessings—all these and many other secrets of health and happiness are unfolded in the book that is offered for your acceptance—the book that plainly points the way of "the Pathway to Health." No time will be lost in despatching the book gratis and post free to those who write for it to-day to Sandow's Postal Instruction Dept., J.B., 6 and 7, George Street, Hanover Square, London, W.

BULL'S EYES.

[Being flashes of wit and genius from members of our staff—mostly after dinner.]

Mr. Upton Sinclair says that in "The Jungle" he was really aiming to hit the hearts of the people. That is why he took the shortest cut—through their stomachs.

"The true moustache grower," says an advertisement, "acts like magic. Age no object. Failure impossible." Children should buy it while they are young, rub it well in, and in years to come they will be surprised at the result.

Congratulations to Mr. G. R. Jackman, of the Stock Exchange Rifle Club, on making 100 points in the Triangular match at Bisley. We naturally give him a place among our "Bull's Eyes."

At Yarmouth Police Court the other day a man told the magistrates that he had "been away for his Majesty's pleasure." When a gentleman disguises the truth in a picturesque flow of words, he is said by the classicists to be euphemistic. The fact in this case was that the gentleman had just finished doing time.

Describing the offences of some labourers in a field at Enfield, a constable explained to the magistrate that they were "gambling at a game called whist, played with cards." This policeman is evidently one of the innocents abroad; and if Madame Tussaud's make early application to exhibit him, probably their desire will be favourably considered.

Mr. Taft, Provisional Governor of Cuba, has liberated seventy prisoners, among them several editors. He will now be the leading article in their papers.

One of the suffragettes charges Mr. Asquith with playing "the haughty Napoleon kind of thing." Haughty, perhaps, but not Napoleonic.

The struggle between the House of Lords and the House of Commons has now commenced. The House of Commons looks like winning. It has annexed two apartments from the Lords and turned them into dining-rooms.

"Queen Alexandra," says a writer in *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, "possesses one of the largest collections of charms in Europe." King Edward will be glad to have his opinion confirmed.

At the Thames Police Court two Chinese witnesses claimed to take the oath in Oriental fashion by breaking a saucer. We have a maid who is always swearing in this way.

The new "latchkey franchise" has been giving much work to the Revision Court. We could mention residential flats where a similar franchise has also found work for the Divorce Court.

Two of our snippy weeklies have between them paid £3,000 to the relatives of a victim of the Grantham disaster. We should not like to be found dead with either of the journals on us, for twice the amount.

The *Daily Express* reports that a schoolmaster named Merveilleux, of La Rochelle, who was born in a railway train, fell out of one and was killed. We know of a man who was born in bed and died in one. Nothing Merveilleux about it.

A newsvendor in Fleet Street last week was selling JOHN BULL and a law book entitled "How to issue writs" at the same time. No one, however, bought the book.

"An expert in phrenology," writing in *Young Women*, advises his readers never to marry a man with a small head. We thought that only men who have lost their heads altogether ever get married.

The *Evening News* says that the War Office Intelligence Department is at present located in St. James's Square. But nobody knows the number.

Mr. Codrington, of the Bank of England, says that the average time a £5 note is out is 62 days. We presume this does not apply to those which are lent.

Eight hundred members of the Victoria Legal Friendly Society are kicking up a row because the concern is to be converted into a limited company. They say that their opponents have not acted legally or friendly in pushing the matter through.

We are glad to observe that in addition to a real cow, a real dairy-maid, a real sulphur mine, and a real horse, "The Bondman" also gives us real actors. Mr. Arthur Collins never overlooks details.

The nearest approach which the Collis Syndicate ever had, or is likely to have, to diamonds, was the other day, when its members interviewed Dr. Jameson, who is a director of the De Beers Company.

The *Evening Standard* announces that Ellis (the chef) is to be found at the Ritz. What about £ s. d.!

Mr. W. Heinemann annunces: "Felicity in France by Constance Maud." We are glad that the lady enjoyed herself.

Just look at the weather we're having. It's pouring cats and dogs in the streets. There's an Earthquake at the Hippodrome and a Tempest at the Palace.

"The Catch of the Season."—The arrest of the man Woolfries.

Miss Edna May states that "she is not jealous of Miss Camille Clifford, and is glad to hear of her engagement." It isn't the cooing she minds, but she draws the line at the "billing."

Miss Harraden, the novelist, has requested the Hampstead Borough Council to pave the roadway in front of her house with wood. The Councillors are now putting their heads together.

We understand that the Vivisection Commission is about to issue a circular requiring expert witnesses to leave their dogs, monkeys, and instrument cases with the hall-porter.

Those who doubt woman's love of display and preening herself in public should watch the rush for the conspicuous balustrade in front of Whitefield's in Tottenham Court Road on women's days.

In Great Britain there is a party which wants to add 1,400 millions to the National Debt by the State purchase of railways. In the Cape Colony there is a party which would reduce the Colonial Debt by selling the State railways to private companies. Could we not *swop parties?*

The *British Medical Journal* says that the doctors have had a bad time lately. Their incomes have fallen off 25 per cent. Doctors no longer bleed their patients.

Là Milo is going to the provinces. Mr. Stead's future movements have not yet been settled.

The *Tailor and Cutter* says a good word for the *kilt*. One point noted in its favour is that it "never bags at the knees," like pants. Nor does it sag in the rear, like a ball dress.

A popular legislator, not unknown to our readers, was reported to have admitted breaking all the Ten Commandments. We have his assurance that he has only broken some of them, which is well. But we also know that a lot of people have been engaged in picking up the "pieces."

The Diet of Brunswick has resolved that provisional Government is detrimental to the best interests of the country. We do not see why the Diet should object to anything "provisional."

Mr. Crooks, comparing the Labour party to a motor-car, says, "They may leave a little smell behind them." That's objectionable, of course, but most people object to the dust thrown in their eyes.

Two gentlemen named Hawkins—which is a "fust-class name," of course—have been selling a "Corassa Compound," composed of "corassa abinus, selarmo umberlifera, alkernes edifolia, and karsadoc herbalis." And the intrinsic worth of the "compound" was only 1d. It sounds worth a guinea a box.

We cordially agree with Mr. Macpherson, M.P., that when people write to prominent men they should enclose stamped envelopes. We go further, and suggest that in no case should the stamps be stuck down too tightly.

Elizabeth Tipping, a centenarian, has for eighty years spent her September in the hop gardens. The hoppers are very fond of Tipping.

A revivalist wrote to a local postmaster to ask in confidence for the names of the "unsaved." He received a copy of the local directory. If he had wanted a list of the "saved," only the advertisement portion would have reached him.

The heading, "Finnish Anarchists," catches our eye in a contemporary. Most of us would like to know how.

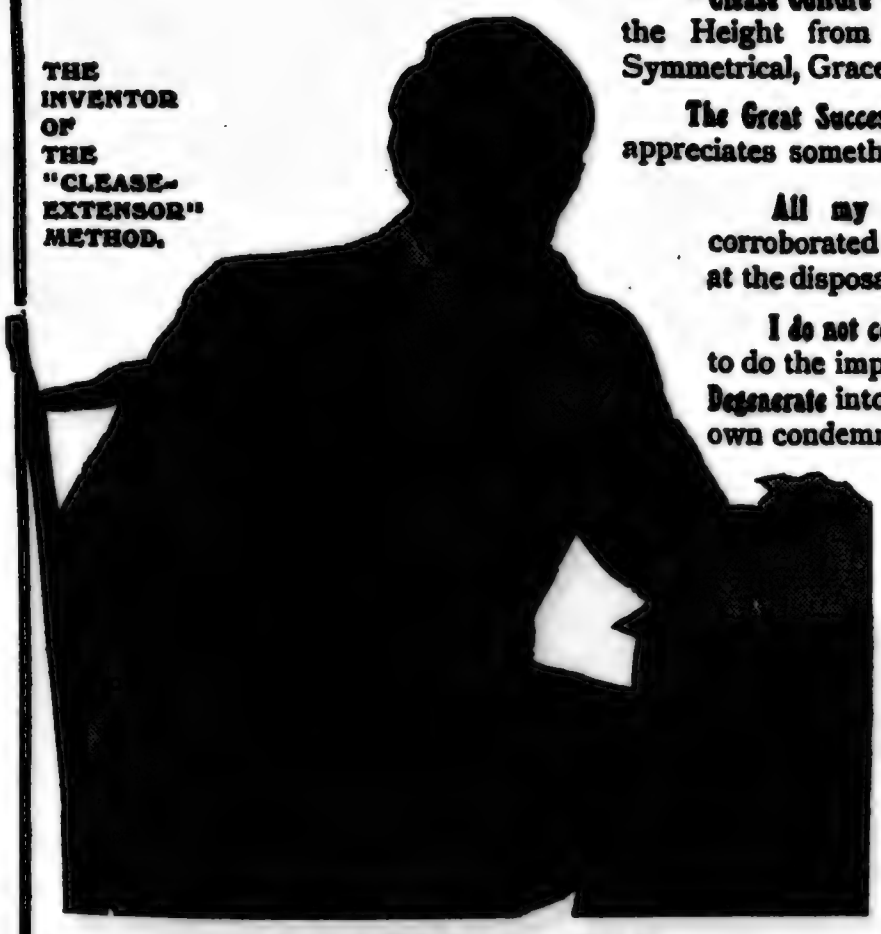
A branch of the I.L.P. is to be started for Hanwell and district. It should do well.

The Ecclesiastical Commissioners have shifted to Millbank, taking 400,000 deeds with them and 80,000 files of correspondence. "Deeds and words" appears to be their motto.

In spite of protests, the Pembrokeshire Education Committee has decided that children shall continue to read Genesis. This is not surprising—Wales can swallow anything.

According to statistics, the French are cultivating a taste for beer. This is probably due to the closing of the Moulin Rouge. Deprived of their hops in one direction, the people seek them in another.

Let me tell you what "Clease Culture" is.



THE INVENTOR OF THE "CLEASE-EXTENSOR" METHOD.

F. MEREDITH CLEASE, Ph.L.D.

Born in London, September 18, 1882.
Educated in London University Schools.
Studied anatomy three years in Dundee University.
Three years member of Physical Training Staff in British Army at Aldershot.
Director of exercise Haileybury College, Hertford, England.
Three years Director of Public Gymnasium of Dundee, Scotland, and of the East of Scotland Ladies' Academy. Head of Champion Gymnastic Team of England and Scotland.
Five years Physical Director of Birmingham Athletic Institute (the largest of its kind in Britain), also the Pupil Teachers' Centre (Ladies'), Birmingham, England, and Physical Director National Schools and Teachers' Training College at Wolverhampton, England.
Author of a book, "A System of Physical Culture," now in use in all the principal National Schools of England.

CONSULTATIONS FREE on all matters pertaining to Increase of Stature or Improvement of Health by natural means, any day at 74 New Bond Street, London, W.

"Clease Culture" is a Rational and Scientific Method for Increasing the Height from one to three inches, and making the body Symmetrical, Graceful, and Vigorous.

The Great Success of my System proves that the intelligent public appreciates something that is Logical, Practical and Genuine.

All my statements are strictly conservative, and can be corroborated by indisputable testimony, which I will gladly place at the disposal of any serious enquirer.

I do not compete, nor wish to compete with persons who claim to do the impossible. For example, I could not turn a **Physical Degenerate** into **"A First Class Life."** Such statements carry their own condemnation.

The majority of people are sceptical concerning the possibilities of increasing the height of the human body, after what is termed "the growing age" is passed away. This scepticism is perfectly natural, and it is to such persons I specially address myself.

I wish to prove beyond doubt the efficiency of the Clease Culture, and I now make an offer that will convince those open to conviction, that I am not only able to **increase the height** and otherwise physically beautify the human body by my System, but that I am a practised physiologist and serious teacher.

FREE READ THE FOLLOWING OFFER CAREFULLY.

I will give (personally), one practical lesson and consultation, free of any charge whatever, to any lady or gentleman, who will pay a visit to my Bond Street establishment, any day between 10 and 6 o'clock (Saturdays 10 to 2 o'clock).

The Free Lesson may be had for Increase of Height, Bodily Development, or for remedying any organic or Stomach Trouble. Further, it entails no obligation to the participant whatsoever.

In short the possibilities of testing the value of the Clease Body Culture (one lesson is sufficient), and of obtaining advice on all matters relating to the physical side of life, is offered to you **FREE OF CHARGE.**

Kindly call or write for an appointment: but if for any reason this be not possible, write for my 64-page illustrated Treatise, entitled "Why you are not Taller," which will be sent post free by return,

F. MEREDITH CLEASE, Ph.L.D.,
IIa, Clease Buildings, 74, New Bond St., London.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[John Bull *replies to some of his numerous correspondents.*]

Will the reader who writes us from 12, Natal Road, New Southgate, but omits to send his name, kindly let us hear from him?

H. W. N. (Rochford) wants to know about the Pelman Memory System and whether it "carries out all that is claimed for it." We know of no system or institution in the world that carries out all that is claimed for it, but whether or not the Pelman Memory System is less veracious in this respect than others, we are unable to say.

E. W. (Stepney) tells us that a competitor in the "Fifteen Square Puzzle," advertised by Frazer and Co., and the tricky character of which we recently exposed, summoned them for a five-pound note and "received the money" as a result of the litigation. We should be glad of a reference to the case. There is no doubt whatever that if Frazer and Co. are worth going for, they are liable to hundreds of competitors.

Pedro (S. Kensington) is delighted with Mr. Hale's article on the Torpedo Lieutenant, and has sent a copy to her midshipman son. She says: "It should arouse enthusiasm in every young officer's heart."

W. M. M. (Wandsworth)—Thanks for cutting, but you do not mention the name of the paper.

J. S. A. D. (New Cross) informs us that similar charges to those contained in Mr. Manson's book were made against the Salvation Army by Professor Huxley ten years ago, in an article entitled "Social Diseases and Worse Remedies." We are anxiously looking forward to the General's reply.

F. C. B. (Blaford), W. W. S. (Seven Kings) and others, having answered an advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph* for a "Secretary, £200 rising to £500 per annum," have received replies as transparently fraudulent as they are ungrammatical, from J. W. Rackham, "Chairman of Committee," The Registered Societies Sickness and Accident Assurance, Ltd., of 13, Walbrook, E.C. The whole thing is a clumsy fraud.

J. L. S. (Sunderland).—Thanks for cuttings.

"Bull Pup" (Rugby).—You are quite right. A name, or initial, should have been placed over the bankruptcy articles. Still, the Editor *is* a "distinguished lawyer." As regards Waring's, the question was *their* financial position—not ours.

K. L. (Newbury) draws our attention to the case of Charles Ravenhill, V.C., who has been sentenced by the Maidenhead bench to seven days' imprisonment for stealing a vest, value 1s., and was handcuffed and taken to Reading Gaol. V.C.! Very cruel!

J. P. (Catford).—See reply to "Bull Pup."

F. F. N. (London).—Thanks for cutting. Arnold and Butler (Room 187), 124, Holborn, are "wrong 'uns."

J. L. W. (Leicester) sends us an advertisement of Thompson Bros., 3, Oxford Street, W., of "worsted trousers, 1s. 7d.—last seven days." He thinks the candour of the firm is to be commended.

M. A. (Keymer) tells us that her servant, seeing an advertisement of Whitlock's 5s. sun-ray skirt, sent the money to 59, Camberwell Road, S.E., and then another shilling for "special measure," and then another 5s. for bodice material; but that she got something very different to what she had ordered and sent it back, but she can't get her money back. Of course, she can't. That is how such firms live.

A. E. S. (Glamorgan) has a violin bearing the label "Antonius Stradivarius, etc., 1721." There appear to be a lot of these "Strads" knocking about Wales just now. A. E. S. had better go on playing it, and thinking it genuine. It should inspire him to great things.

G. W. (Chatham) has had a visit from the Pioneer 5 per cent. Thrift Exchange, 102, High Holborn—and they have got 5s. out of him. Like the real King of Spain, G. W. has lost his crown!

"Gus" (Johannesburg) wants to "become connected with some home firm as their representative in South Africa." He has noticed the advertisement of Hafgoods, Ltd., Temple Bar House, Fleet Street. So have we.

"The Balham Ass" returns a copy of John Bull of the 22nd September. He evidently doesn't like it.

J. W. G. (Bradford).—We don't like blasphemy. It does nobody any good, and annoys many worthy people. Thanks for cuttings all the same.

W. B. (Oxford) says our splendid honesty is quite convincing, but he finds fault with our grammar. He says we must say, "There are an enormous number." Surely, outside Oxford, nouns of multitude may take a plural or a singular verb, just as we choose. But we bow to the second university in the land.

T. C. (Sutton-in-Ashfield).—Thanks for cuttings. We think the decision of the County Court Judge not to commit to prison anyone with a less income than 16s. a week both humane and reasonable.

F. G. M. (Stockton-on-Tees).—Many thanks for letter. No, there are not many Balham's asses about, thank goodness!—and we hope soon to kill them off. They are no good to anyone in this world.

A. E. E. (Watford) calls our attention to the fact that the weights and scales in Post Offices are not subject to inspection, and says in many cases they have been in use for upwards of ten years and have worn "very light." We will ask the Postmaster-General about it.

C. W. C. (Crouch Hill) thinks that if imprisonment for debt were more common "there would be less rogues about." That is another aspect of the question. But, somehow or other, imprisonment for debt doesn't sound quite British, does it?

"A Chip of the Old Block" asks whether in our calculations *re* Waring's we have included the £5 they will receive from our Xmas box scheme? We confess we had overlooked it, and, of course, it improves the position considerably.

A Reader (Holborn) says he had eleven callers at his office on a recent Thursday morning and that seven of them had John Bull in their hands. We hope the other four lost their money.

W. J. H. (Lime Street) "agrees with every word of our paragraph about Simpson's, in the Strand." He (naturally) wishes there were more journals like John Bull. He is very greedy—or, perhaps, he is hungry—after dining at Simpson's.

E. H. (Willesden Green) has a complaint against the management of the Oxford Music Hall. At the entrance in Oxford Street, he says, is painted up "Balcony stalls, 2s.," but when he and a friend got in, they were told that they could only stand at the back and that if they wanted seats they would have to pay another 1s. each. Perhaps the manager will explain.

"Sandy Bull" (Lanark) favours us with a post card with three questions. First he asks for a good quotation—poetry or otherwise—illustrating the fact that there are reverses more honourable than certain victories. We will ask Frank Harris to send you on a few.

Then he wishes to know whether the present Government has reduced the number of Chinese coolies on the Rand, or whether, in fact, there are not more there now than when it assumed office. The answer is that there are more—but just before the last Government went out of office licences were granted for 16,000 coolies. Then, thirdly: "How many peers have the present Government made?" The answer is: about half-a-dozen.

"Sandy Bull" must now give us a rest—or send us a case of "the cratur"!

S. S. S. (Dublin) thinks we should award Alderman Kelly a Biscuit for his recent conduct in cutting down the British Ensign and insulting the King. We prefer to award him the Order of the Boot.

Miss A. Martin Leake, the Secretary of the Queen Victoria Jubilee Institute for Nurses, assures us that there is no foundation whatever for the suggestion, to which we recently called attention in this page, to the effect that relief was refused to a child on the ground of its illegitimacy. She assures us that the services of the Queen's Nurses, and all benefit available through them, are given freely, according to need, apart from any other consideration. We are glad to have this assurance.

B. R. T. (Liverpool). Thanks for newspaper cuttings. You will begin to see by now who was right.

D. W. J. (Cardiff) has received a circular from the "British American Association, Limited," 52, Leadenhall Street, stating that they will issue No. 1 of their monthly journal "Prosperity" on October 1st. The subscription is to be 3s. annually, and the paper is to be obtained only by means of such payment. We do not think that by subscribing to this publication D. W. J. is likely to add to his own prosperity.

T. H. A. B. (London, E.C.), who is a practising accountant of considerable bankruptcy experience, thanks us for our recent series of articles on "Bankruptcy Law Reform," and gives us some interesting information as to the methods of certain officials in connection with what are known as summary order cases. We hope to introduce a bill next session to amend the existing law.

G. W. H. (London) thinks we do not sufficiently criticise the present Government. How long has he been a reader of John Bull?

A. L. M. (Aldeburgh). Thanks for your letter, contents of which we note.

"T.P.'s" Great Offer

You must Go Forward.

The wisest men will tell you that for the knowledge that counts in the battle of life, you must be continually acquiring more, or you are losing ground. You cannot stand still! Education, in its true sense, is a life-long process.

And the necessity for being well-informed was never so great as it is at present; the man who does not keep in touch with our many-sided modern life in all its aspects, will soon fall behind in the struggle for existence, however well equipped he may have been at the start.

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A BOON TO CITY MEN.

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RACING NOTES AND IDEAS.

By W. Lotinga.
("Larry Lynx" of "The People.")

And What of Here?

I hear that no backer ever thinks of supporting a horse in South Africa without first asking the jockeys if they are "out."

No Apprenticeship.

It is remarkable that two of the best mares of recent generations—Signorina and Sceptre—should both have been trained by amateurs.

Insuppressible.

A few bookmakers in France still bet sotto voce with the club members only, everyone else being compelled to go to the mutuels.

With Others' "Stuff."

There is a good deal more camaraderie among bookmakers than backers. How many men often "stand up" in the ring financed by their confrères?

The "Heads."

On a race course many backers and successful men know absolutely nothing about the form, or the make, shape, or age of the horses they are backing. They simply "follow the money."

Odds on "Them."

Backers support horses, bookmakers back figures—and in the long run it is any odds on the figures beating the horse.

An ther Mystery.

One of the marvels of Epsom's race eeks how horses do their morning work on the course, which during racing periods is dotted all over the place—right in their tracks—with people squatting about or even lying asleep.

Ask the "S.P." Men.

It is alleged by those who should know—and ith some foundation—that if a man had £100,000 at his back, and allowed certain backers to hand their wires in up to the time of a race, they would get every penny of it in a very short time—and by above-board methods.

The World.

Trainers and jockeys have a very good idea of what human nature is. They experience it in times when they are winning and losing. When the latter, no one wants to know, or see, them, but directly they are associated with a horse possessing a big chance, half the paddock are on their heels inquiring if "their's is well," or "worth a fiver."

A Sportsman.

Mr. Sidney H. Baker, whose Sir William must have cost him considerable disappointment, was a wonderful all-round amateur champion athlete twenty years ago. He was half-mile amateur champion of England, captain of the then prominent Kensington F.C., and got his footer trial cap. He is now a keen man to hounds, and his racing colours are the same as the athletic jersey he used to wear on the path.

After the Race.

What innumerable reasons there are, discovered, of course, only after the death of the horse, why a well-backed animal has not won. He is either unable to act up-hill or down-hill (as the case may be), was unsuited to the going, likes a left or right-handed course, was made too much use of or waited with too long, taken off his legs by the pace or suffered because "nothing went along"—or, it is found to have been a mistake to have run him without blinkers, martingale, etc., etc. On top of these he has to get off, not to be shut out, and win, and yet backers will take 6 to 4 and 7 to 4 EVERY time.

Want Another Train.

It is remarkable, seeing what big dividends the Great Eastern Railway obtain from the Newmarket race traffic, that the resident active forces are not better considered in regard to return trains in the evening. From any of the suburban meetings it is absolutely impossible to catch the 5.15, and therefore the trainers and jockeys returning home at night have to hang about until the 8.20, an unnecessary and useless two hours in town during which they can do neither one thing nor another. Surely on metropolitan race days a short special might well be run about 7 o'clock. An accelerated cheaper service is at last provided—anyhow, for race weeks.

Prophetic.

A moderate Newmarket card, relieved only by Slieve Gallion's Middle Park Plate, and what will be more of a holiday fixture at Lingfield, does not suggest much in the way of speculation. If Chestnut competes for the Pheasant Handicap on Saturday, which is at present undecided, he should win it, despite his weight, while with the allowance Deveron will doubtless prove that he ought to have won at Kempton in the October Nursery.

The Cesarewitch.

There has not been a more unsavoury Cesarewitch financially for many a year, and irrepressible backers have had that inveterate lesson against impetuous premature speculation once more severely rubbed in. It is a bad anniversary, both as regards the market shuttlecock business and the class of runners. Certainly the last two or three years has shown us more numerous candidates on a much higher plane of ability, while in

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contrast to the financial side it is absolutely pleasing if somewhat egotistical in these columns to refer to Wargrave's year, when everything was so perfectly public, straightforward, and above board. The public look to the Cesarewitch as one of the most popular betting mediums, by reason of the long prices attracting them, but the happenings this year will tend very much to eradicate such opinion and to minimise early betting on future occasions.

Lingfield Park.

What enterprise and popularity can do for a race meeting—or any sporting gathering for that matter—is clearly shown by the unqualified success, time after time, achieved by the enjoyable fixtures at Lingfield Park, whither we shall be called on Saturday. Here owners would deem it heresy to miss making liberal nominations, whilst racegoers—regulars or pleasure-seekers, revel in attending, despite its being the longest journey of any what may almost be termed suburban park meetings. The main reason is that everyone and everything receives the fullest consideration and the most suave treatment from the universally-liked Mr. Robert Fowler—the name of Fowler being synonymous with courtesy—and Lingfield. What Bob Fowler will not do, or does not try to do, it would be futile to suggest elsewhere. His bonhommie and his immense popularity set an example, as they must create jealousy, among others similarly positioned commercially. Owners do not go to Lingfield, in the main, for the value of the stakes, although some of its meetings provide an exception. Racegoers do not go there expecting to witness the highest class performers, or the best racing of the year. Bookmakers do not anticipate an immense volume of business, nor do backers look for races which are, in turf parlance, "betting events." But EVERYBODY will go. True, fields here are invariably numerous, especially in the selling races, it being really remarkable where some of the horses who seem to compete nowhere else than here are "dug up" from to carry silk on this pretty little undulating somewhat natural track. Yet in these races there is invariably, as we shall see this week-end, something standing out by itself in the market, even if the result does not justify it. They are thus not the best of betting mediums, the majority not caring to accept a cramped rate about a raging "hot" one, and therefore usually "throwing away" a trifle upon something to beat the favourite. The reason why most of us like Lingfield we could perhaps hardly tell, but we get into the habit of going there—and of wishing to go—knowing that, in common with our friends and neighbours, the opinion is generally entertained that the Lingfield executive do their best for everybody, that Bob Fowler always has the same hearty and genuine welcome (if you don't mention politics), and that the pleasantries of the little place, its quietude, picturesqueness, and almost indescribable advantages are unequalled elsewhere.

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MAIN REEF WEST, LIMITED.

BALANCE SHEET, June 30th, 1906.

Dr. Cr.

To CAPITAL				£450,000	0	0	
" VENDOR'S SHARES—							
350,000 Shares of £1 Sterling each				350,000	0	0	
" WORKING CAPITAL—							
100,000 Shares (issued at £2 Sterling each): call of 20s. per Share paid on account (leaving £1 per Share to be called up)				100,000	0	0	
							£450,000 0 0
" SUNDRY REVENUE—							
As per last Account				177	3	5	
Sundry Revenue				112	5	0	
							289 3 5
" SUNDRY CREDITORS—							
On Current Account							1,963 15 4
" CONTINGENT LIABILITY ON SHARES—							
Witwatersrand Native Labour Association: 66 Shares at 8s.				26	8	0	
Chamber of Mines Labour Importation Agency, Ltd.: 330 Shares at 42s.				693	0	0	
Rand Mutual Assurance Co.: 20 Shares at £9 (£10 Shares)				180	0	0	
				899	8	0	
							£452,253 3 9

By PROPERTY—							
Mining Claims							£252,667 13 8
" BUILDINGS				£6,037	18	9	
" MACHINERY AND PLANT				18,324	9	6	
							24,362 8 3
" SHAFT							35,220 6 5
" MINE DEVELOPMENT							81 15 6
" FENCING AND GENERAL SURFACE IMPROVEMENTS				61	9	5	
" FURNITURE				338	7	9	
							399 17 2
" SHARES—							
Witwatersrand Native Labour Association, 66 Shares; 12s. paid up and 25s. deposit for boys				122	2	0	
Chamber of Mines Labour Importation Agency, Ltd., 330 Shares, 18s. paid up				297	0	0	
Rand Mutual Assurance Co., Ltd 20 Shares				25	0	0	
							444 2 0
" SUNDRY EXPENDITURE—							
From the inception of the Company to June 30, 1905, as per last Account				29,335	12	10	
Expenditure during the Year ended June 30, 1906—							
Claim Licences	£1,467	15	0				
Salaries, Directors' & Auditors' Fees	1,652	10	0				
Cables, Telegrams, Postages, Stationery, Printing, Advertising, and General Charges	310	19	7				
Fire and Accident Insurance	146	2	5				
Interest, Exchange & Legal Expenses	66	14	6				
London Office Expenses	283	10	6				
				3,927	12	0	
							33,263 4 10
" SUNDRY DEBTORS							1,220 3 3
" STORES							290 0 0
" CASH—							
National Bank of S.A., Johannesburg—Current Account				3,627	10	8	
Bank of Africa, London				59	11	6	
Cash at Mine				616	10	6	
							4,303 12 8
							£452,253 3 9

H. G. L. PANCHAUD,
Secretary.

W. H. DAWE, *Chairman.*
F. J. CARPENTER, } *Directors.*
R. GOLDMANN,

We hereby certify that we have examined the Books, Vouchers and Bank Book of the MAIN REEF WEST, LIMITED, and that we find the above Balance Sheet to be a true and correct statement therefrom.

JOHANNESBURG,
August 9, 1906.

J. FRASER, *Incorporated Accountant (Eng.)* } *Auditors.*
H. HAINS,

CONSULTING ENGINEER'S REPORT.

The Chairman and Directors,
MAIN REEF WEST, LIMITED.
JOHANNESBURG.

DEAR SIRS,—Mining operations on your property have, during the past year, been limited to sinking the Eastern Shaft, with the intention of ultimately connecting this shaft with the drives from the West Shaft of the Consolidated Main Reef; 1,143 feet have been sunk for a total cost of £28,625, the average number of feet sunk per month being 95, and the cost per foot £25 1s. The cost per foot for a five compartment shaft, considering that all the usual charges have to be borne by this shaft, indicates that economical work has been done.

The values obtained from the South Reef, which was cut at a depth of 1,269 feet, were 4.5 dwts. over 36 inches, and since the end of the financial year the Main Reef Leader has been cut in the shaft at a depth of 1,380 feet, the following being the averages obtained from 20 samples:

Average reef width	6 inches.
Average assay for average width	54.6 dwts.
Average assay for 36 inches	9.1 "

These results are very encouraging, and indicate the probability of finding a large percentage of payable Main Reef Leader in this section of your property.

I am, dear Sirs, yours faithfully,
D. WILKINSON
Acting Consulting Engineer.

Johannesburg, *August* 8, 1906.

MANAGER'S REPORT.

FOR THE YEAR ENDED JUNE 30, 1906.

GENTLEMEN,—I beg to submit herewith my Report on the operations of your Company for the year ended June 30.

The Eastern Shaft has been sunk and timbered 1,143 feet to a total depth of 1,351 feet.

The South Reef was cut in May at a depth of 1,269 feet. Samples taken all round the shaft gave an average value of 45 dwts. over 3 feet 6 inches, or 4.5 dwts. over a stoping width of 36 inches.

It is expected that the Main Reef Leader will be intersected in July.

A Station has been cut at 1,310 feet, and a crosscut is being driven to the South Reef.

A permanent Pump Station has been cut at 250 feet, and two Cameron Pumps installed.

A Compressed Air Service has been laid down and connected up from the West Shaft of the Consolidated Main Reef and the 6-inch compressed air piping carried down from the surface to 1,165 feet.

CONSTRUCTION.

The Mine Captain's House and Quarters referred to in my last Report have been completed.

A permanent Blacksmith's Shop, to replace temporary building, is in course of erection.

A duplicate 13½ inches by 26 inches Geared Robey Hoist has been erected and the Winding Engine House extended.

I remain, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,
ARTHUR J. JONES, *Acting Manager.*

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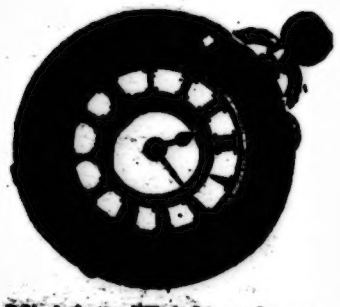

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